

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE

OLD ENGLAND'S NEW START

WE ARE SEEING
HISTORY MADEAncient British Constitution
That is Ever YoungPICKING UP NEW THINGS FROM
AGE TO AGE

We have been looking on and are still looking at history being lived, for the events of these days are history.

And we are seeing one very remarkable thing above all others—the way in which our ancient British Constitution goes down the corridors of time, picking up something of every generation, taking to itself the spirit of every age, growing old yet keeping young.

The Ringing Grooves of Change

Strange it is that at this very hour America, the mighty young republic of the West, heart of our heart, blood of our blood, should be covered with confusion and bewilderment by the working of her written Constitution, while ours adapts itself to every change, and stands four-square to all the winds that blow.

We saw the Heralds riding through the streets the other day with all their panoply and pomp from the Middle Ages. They were riding through the streets when the world was full of witchcraft, and they still ride through our streets in these days when we have put the witchcraft into a little box (magic indeed) which carries their trumpeting and all their fine old language round the Earth.

Through all the ringing grooves of change our British Constitution, foundation of the security of the people and the stability of the Throne, remains the same, unchanged in principle yet in its wondrous way for ever changing with the spirit of the age. It is not written. Nobody has seen it and nobody can quote it, for it does not exist as a visible thing. It is, if we may call it so, the spirit of the nation. It has the King as its head and it renders him allegiance and obedience, but it requires from him obedience to its laws. That is its ideal, to be the link which never breaks between the ancient people and their ancient Throne.

Pressure of the People's Will

It has attained this ideal through change and struggle. For centuries it endured despotic kings, illegal kings, absentee kings, alien kings, and kings who would fain disregard the people; but always the silent patient pressure of the people's will, often blundering, never yielding, brought the Ship of State back to its bearings, and steered it where the people would have it go. Our people, the Prime Minister once said, have no use for dictators. In



BREAK not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee that ye made
One light together . . .

THE love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee
Till God's love set thee at his side again.

the end Britain has a Constitution which can pick up everything as it goes along as easily as it picks up (and makes use of) the wireless and the plane. It has weathered revolutions; it has absorbed invaders. The Council summoned by the Lords of the Privy Council for the purpose of proclaiming

the King, and with members drawn from the Lords, the Commons, and the City of London, is the descendant of the Common Council of the Norman kings, and that Council was the successor of the Witanagemot, the Saxon Council of the wise men of the realm

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EDWARD THE EIGHTH AND THE SEVENTH MAN The Most Wonderful Story of the King

We give below the most wonderful story ever told of King Edward the Eighth.

Because we believe the story will live in history we put on record the fact that it was given to the world by the *CN* 12 years ago and was copied from these columns into almost every newspaper in the land. It was copied by Sir Almeric FitzRoy, clerk to the Privy Council, into his *Memoirs*, but was there given incorrectly; this version is the true one.

As Prince of Wales our present King was asked one day if he would visit a little private hospital where 36 men, so terribly injured in the war that they could never hope for release, were fighting the desperate battle of patience and courage. The Prince named a day, and drove privately to the hospital.

In the ordinary way he went round the beds and was then conducted to the door by the grateful staff. But he stopped suddenly and said, "I was told you had 36 patients. I have seen only 29."

It was explained that the seven other patients were so tragically disfigured that the visit to their ward was purposely omitted; but he insisted on seeing them. He was ushered into the ward where they lay, and at each bed he stopped for some minutes, saying cheering words and thanking each man in the name of England for his self-sacrifice. Then, once again, he paused.

"But there are only six men here," he persisted. "Where is the seventh?"

He was told that nobody could see the seventh man. Blind and deaf, disfigured out of the likeness of humanity, this seventh man, they told him, lay in a room to himself.

"I must see him," said the Prince.

"Better not, sir; it is terrible."

"Still, I wish to see him."

One member of the staff accompanied the Prince into that little darkened room, and the Prince walked firmly to the bedside. He turned very white, but stood there with bowed head, looking at the man who could neither see him nor hear him, looking at that awful wreck of manhood as though he would see the final anguish of war. Then, very slowly, he stooped down and kissed the man's face.

When he rose it was as if another Presence had come into the room.

FAREWELL

The King's Last Rides Through London Town

ALL NATIONS IN THE GREAT PROCESSION

The King who will return no more was borne from his home at Sandringham to his last resting-place.

When on the last stage of that memorable journey all that was mortal of King George the Fifth was taken from Westminster Hall, where he had lain in state for four days, kings and princes of Europe followed the bier. A glittering procession, in which it seemed all the world had joined, moved through the quiet streets of London.

Our Great English Gentleman

But it was the people's farewell that was so profoundly impressive. When the last sad assembly of his wife and sons left their Norfolk home all people stood aside sharing in silence the grief of a family bereaved. It was the grief of simple people that they would see a kindly and familiar face no more. The coffin which enclosed our great English gentleman was made of Sandringham oak. It bore the unadorned inscription "George Frederick Ernest Albert Windsor, 1865-1936." There was a Guard of Honour as befits a king, but there were humble mourners from the estate, tenants, keepers, gardeners; and behind paced the white pony on which hardly more than a week before the Squire of Sandringham had been riding through the frosted woodlands.

Through the Eastern Counties the funeral train sped, marked on its way by thousands of people, and came to London, where the hundreds of thousands who lined the way from King's Cross were witnesses of a sorrow they will never forget. Behind the gun carriage, with the Imperial crown glittering above the royal standard covering the coffin, walked our King and his brothers.

The Thought of the Silent Crowd

None had eyes except for him. He walked bareheaded, the wintry sunlight falling on his bright hair, his head erect. His face was stern with sorrow, and cold in the bitter wind. Here was the most important man in the world, yet he looked singularly youthful, and sad beyond all words. Tears came unbidden to the eyes of many in that silent crowd of watchers at the thought of the burden those slender shoulders must bear. The great heart of his people beat with him in the deep silence.

The procession went on to Westminster, and there, in the Hall where last year King George and Queen Mary had received the addresses of Lords and Commons, the lying-in-state began.

In Sandringham Church the watchers by the bier had been simple folk, the proudest moment in whose lives was thus to do a king honour. In Westminster Hall the coffin lay on a high catafalque. Six candles shed their flickering light on the glittering crown, and on the blooms of the Queen's wreath. At the corners stood Yeomen of the Guard leaning on their halberds, with an inner guard of officers of the Household troops and Gentlemen-at-Arms.

The People's Leave-Taking

They stood unmoving as statues, changed at due intervals, and past them filed a mighty multitude of men and women and children. They were the people. This was their leave-taking.

It was followed by another farewell when the Funeral Procession in all its pomp and circumstance passed through the streets, and King George the Fifth was taken to lie with his ancestors in the royal tomb under St George's Chapel, Windsor. All glory, might, and honour were joined in this ceremonial, yet it was the grief of a people for the King who was gone, and their sympathy with the King who has come, which raised it all to the height of its proud dignity.

ALL HISTORY WILL WONDER

The Last Marvellous Scenes

ALL history will wonder, as King George himself once wondered, at this incredible manifestation of a nation's love. There had been nothing like it since the world began.

Rulers have been held in high esteem and in deep affection before by all their people, but never in an age like this, when all the world can be made aware in an instant and vast multitudes of people can be quickly moved.

The crowds at the lying-in-state have been unprecedented in our history; at one time the queue was three miles long, and about a quarter of a million people passed the coffin on Sunday. The Hall was kept open till far in the morning, and some of the people in the queue

took seven hours to reach the Hall. Never was such a tribute to a king, and one thing stands out as we think of it, and as the mind goes back to the Jubilee tribute not long ago. It is the nation's tribute to a man who loved his people and did his simple duty. "I cannot understand it," he once said to a friend, "for, after all, I am only a very ordinary sort of fellow." That is just it; he was one of us, one of the great common people of the world. Kings come to honour him, and the ends of the Earth send their tributes, and this impressive homage to the man who sat on the proudest throne on Earth is inspired by the fact that he was famous for his great simplicity.

From the Ring of Our Last Saxon King

A PRECIOUS stone from the Coronation ring of our last Saxon King was missing from its place in the streets of London the other afternoon.

The stone, a rose-cut sapphire, is set in the centre of a cross surrounded by four large diamonds and more than 100 smaller brilliants; it adorns the Imperial Crown of the King of England, which is probably worth about a hundred thousand pounds in money.

The jewel fell from its place, but did not lie long where it had fallen; it was there a moment only, for it had fallen from the crown on the top of the coffin

of King George on its two-mile journey from King's Cross to Westminster. It fell on to the cushion, and would have rolled into the street had it not been quickly picked up by an officer, who kept it until the procession arrived at Westminster Hall, when it was put back in its place.

The sapphire from the ring of our last Saxon King Edward, the famous Confessor who rebuilt the Abbey, has come down through about 900 years to be a link with our eighth King Edward, and to figure in this curious way on his first walk through his capital as King.

LOOKING ON AT HISTORY

Continued from page 1

who exercised the people's right to acclaim the new king.

This mighty instrument of our Constitution is as remarkable for its flexibility as for its power. It is a Nasmyth hammer which can crack a nut or beat into shape a steel ingot. Through its Privy Council, on which now sit representatives of all the Dominions, it can give judgment on a point of law affecting a Canadian farmer, a Queensland settler, or a village in India. It is the same Privy Council which by ancient custom summons the sovereign to his throne and orders the proclamation of his sovereignty throughout his realms.

This prerogative is important because the Privy Council, of which the Prime Ministers of the Dominions are members, is a link to join the Dominions to the Motherland. The Mother Country the Dominions still call us, but before the new reign began the relation had changed, and they are now sisters not daughters.

The British Parliament can no longer command them, it cannot influence their parliaments or their jurisdiction, and it cannot move a man of their armed forces. Their chief ministers are members of the Privy Council for consultation only. Points of law arising in their territory are referred in the last instance to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, because it is rightly regarded as the highest legal depository of the English law which runs throughout the Dominions; but the real link which joins them to the Motherland is the monarch. King Edward the Eighth in this sense wields a greater responsibility than any sovereign before him, greater than any Roman Caesar ever knew.

The King is the rock, the sure foundation, on which all the Sister Nations of the British League of Nations may build.

A king's task is a whole-time job. He must know everything; he is forced to take note of all that affects his people. If it is his privilege to summon any man or woman among them to tell

him the whole truth on any matter, it is his duty to neglect no opportunity to gain such knowledge. That is the inner part of the sovereign's task, more important than the endless necessity of reading the daily official reports of his chief Minister, of signing documents, and dealing with correspondence.

There are some things a king can do and some he cannot do, and some (as our history has shown) that he had better not do. He cannot make laws. He cannot sit as a judge, and in fact he has no standing in a law court. He cannot lead his navy or his army or his air force, though as a matter of sovereign courtesy he is head of all three, an Admiral of the Fleet, a Field Marshal, and an Air Marshal.

He cannot see the House of Commons at work, for he must not go there. We shall not see again the familiar figure of Edward Prince of Wales sitting in his accustomed place in the gallery above the clock to listen to a debate.

He only appoints judges on the advice of the Government and when appointed they are independent of King and Government.

Such a list of what a king may or may not do may seem to belittle his authority, but here again the flexibility of the Constitution comes to his aid. The wise king is an unceasing influence, as permanent as the pressure of public opinion, on all that happens in his worldwide kingdom. He is the supreme judge and guide in social affairs. He is himself a counsellor among the multitude of his counsellors, and from him may flow wisdom. The king who speaks truth will never lack listeners among the highest in his realm.

LIBERALISM IN GREECE

The General Election in Greece was carried out in an orderly manner—a happy omen for the future.

The Liberals have recovered their former prestige—an excellent sequel to the arbitrary rule of recent years.

THE MAN GREATLY BELOVED

King George—By a Friend of Forty Years

TWO LESSONS FOR US ALL

One of the most moving of all the tributes to King George was paid to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, preaching in the Abbey while the King lay in state across the road. The Archbishop was his friend for 40 years.

So he has passed from us—this man greatly beloved. God bless him and keep him.

But are we content to let him pass into the silence leaving nothing but a memory behind? Must not our love and loyalty bid us not only keep his memory within us but also keep his example before us. Through that example "he, being dead, yet speaketh," and the voice which had become so familiar to us can still be heard. Mindful of that example, let me ask two things of you, his people, while your hearts are stilled and solemnised by sorrow.

Simplicity of Life

The first is this: Recover simplicity of life. For a hundred reasons our modern life is becoming increasingly complicated, tangled, confused. We have need to recover those old, strong, sterling virtues to which every nation has given homage in the homage given to King George. In the midst of the whirl of amusements keep a steady rule of duty. In the midst of all temptations to selfishness keep a place for some disinterested service to others, especially to those to whom life seems to bring so little; let service come before self.

While marriage is being treated with so much recklessness and frivolity, remember the home life of King George, and keep your own homes pure and stable. When a hundred voices in fiction, in the Press, and in talk are muddling and confusing conscience, set before yourselves some fixed standard of personal integrity and honour below which you will scorn to fall. Prove in your own lives what King George proved in his, that simplicity is strength.

Life's True Pleasures

Let none think that this discipline will deprive life of its true pleasures. It will but clear away the weeds. With all his self-discipline King George loved life and sport and laughter. It is always to the true of heart that there springs up joyful gladness.

The second thing I would ask of you for his sake is: Recover remembrance of God. In the ever-increasing speed of mere physical movement, "faster and faster" seems to be becoming almost a motto of existence. The haste and hurry and distraction of life infects the soul. In the mere jostle of sensations and of opinions we have no time to stop and think, and God is crowded out. Yet it is sternly true that, without some inner hold on God within, neither man nor nation can be stable and strong.

Let the steadfast, God-fearing King speak to us from the world of eternal truth into which he has passed. "O my people, remember, remember the Lord God of your Fathers." As I looked for the last time upon the face of my King, my friend, and wondered at the light of beautiful serenity which lay upon it, it seemed to me as if a greeting had already come to him from beyond the veil: "O man greatly beloved, peace be to thee."

The first walk of King Edward through his capital took him down Kingsway, perhaps the first time a King has walked down it.

It was Mr Kipling who made a grant of money for the sounding of the Last Post at Menin Gate each night, in memory of his only son.

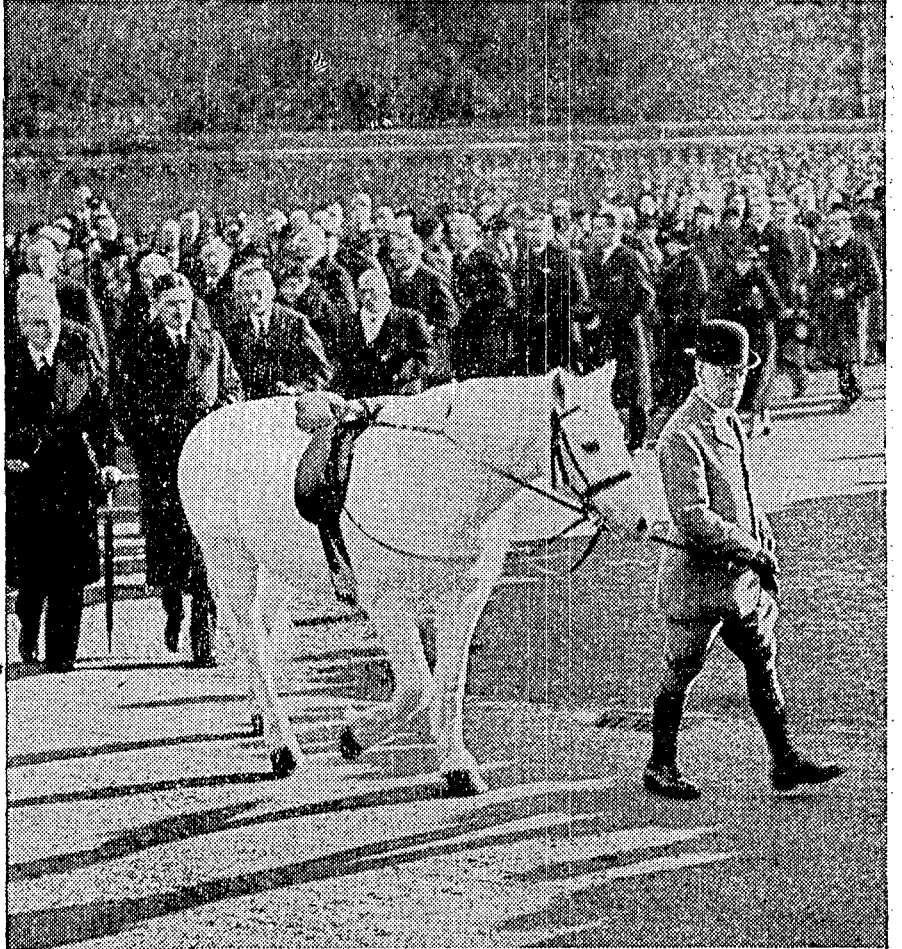
King George's Silent Ride Through His Famous Capital



The coffin, covered by the Royal Standard, with the Imperial Crown resting upon it, on the way to Westminster.



King Edward the Eighth and the Heir to the Throne (Duke of York) in the procession to Westminster.



The white pony, on which King George had ridden the week before, in the procession from Sandringham to Wolferton.

One of the most silent and saddest of multitudes ever seen in London lined the streets from King's Cross to Westminster Hall while the King and his brothers walked behind the royal coffin

LITTLE TALKS WITH KING GEORGE

THE GREAT MEMORY OF NORFOLK CHILDREN

How They Came To Him in His Room at Sandringham

THE BIBLE EVERY DAY

It is not only the great in the land who have been recalling friendly talks with the King who is gone.

Many a child and many a young man and woman now growing up can tell how they went to the King's own room at Sandringham to receive the prizes he gave annually to Norfolk school-children round about his home.

While King George still lay among these Norfolk folk in their village church, with their own fathers and brothers guarding him, Mr O. F. Morshead, Librarian at Windsor Castle, was broadcasting a story of such meetings between King and schoolchild, prize-giver and prize-winner.

When King George Was a Boy

Each child (he said) used to be shown separately to the King's room, and there would be the King himself standing on the hearthrug, with a little dog gazing up at him and a grey parrot putting in a word or two from its stand between the red leather chairs. With so homely a setting it did not take the King long to make the child feel at home in it.

Here is the Librarian's own method of making the child speak for himself:

The King would shake hands with me and talk as if he had known me all my life. I was ever so frightened before I went in, but directly he started talking I felt as if I'd known him all my life. He asked all about home, and whether any of our people were out of work, and whether I was as proud of being Norfolk as he was, and a whole lot of other things; and it seemed all the time as if he really wanted to know.

Presently the King would take a Bible and say to the child that that was what he was going to give as a prize, but first he wanted to tell a little story.

When I was your age (he would say) my grandmother (she was Queen Victoria, you know) gave me a Bible, and she advised me to read a chapter in it every night. I have always done it, wherever I have been—except, of course, during that bad illness; I couldn't do it then. Now you can do as you like, but if you make that a rule of your life and stick to it, I don't think you'll regret it when you come to my age.

How many of the King's Bibles, we wonder, are read each night as he hoped they would be? All of them perhaps; and certainly all of them are as treasured as the memory of that time when their owners stood chatting with the King on the hearthrug in his own little room.

THE LOVE THAT DOES NOT FAIL

Perhaps the most human story of King George that has been told in these sad days was that told by the Prime Minister—that the King, very fond of the sister who died a few weeks before him, rang her up every night at her home in Buckinghamshire if he had not seen her during the day.

We are reminded of Lord Haldane, who wrote to his mother every day for over fifty years, and of Lord Northcliffe, who would telegraph or telephone or cable to his mother every day, whatever part of the world he was in.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

The National programme on page 11 has been altered as follows:

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Evening in the Castle. 2.30 What We Eat.

THURSDAY, 2.30 The American Revolution: by Eileen Power.

A GOLDEN VOICE IS HUSHED

Clara Butt and Abide With Me

Thanks to the gramophone young people have not to take the word of their elders as to the superb voice of Clara Butt, whose lips are now for ever still.

She was too tall for opera, so we know her chiefly by her songs, but they were lovely, for she agreed with the immortal Haydn that "the invention of a fine melody, the hardest thing to produce in music, is a work of genius." So she was at variance with those modern composers who substitute noise and rhythm for loveliness. She sang music, and for that the whole world loved her.

It was she who made so widely known the famous hymn Abide with Me, King George's favourite. It was sung at the funeral of Mr Kipling last week; it was the only hymn sung at the King's funeral at Windsor this week; and now she, too, is laid to rest with its strains in the ears of those who pay her their last homage.

A GREAT LADY FALLS ASLEEP

The daughter of a great Englishman, Joseph Sturge of Birmingham, who a century ago took a leading part in the emancipation of the slaves in the British Empire, has passed away.

Her name was Sophia Sturge, and throughout her life, despite poor health most of the time, she followed in her father's footsteps in service for humanity.

She was born in 1849. Although her father died when she was only ten his life was an abiding memory.

She was passionately devoted to peace, but her particular work was for the suffering peasants of Ireland. She herself went to the desperately poor Connemara district fifty years ago to help to found a basket-making industry. She lived for two years in the inn at Letterfrack, where she began to teach boys. On her return to England she loved nothing more than to go about to schools, speaking on peace.

Here is the last brave message she sent to friends last Christmas:

This illness is hard to bear. The pain, however, has made me long that the many prayers that are being put up at this time shall be that men of science may work for the relief of suffering rather than for the inventions of war that cause it.

A PARACHUTE JUST IN TIME

To Wing Commander F. W. Stent the need to use his parachute never came till he had left the Air Force.

Then, in the week after he had joined a private firm, the necessity came to him. His parachute was his only hope.

Quickly, deftly, he withdrew the bolts of the cabin's top and got out, rehearsing in his mind all that has to be done when an airman trusts himself to his parachute. Neither his memory nor his coolness failed him, though in 21 years experience of flying he had never parachuted. It was now or never with him. He balanced himself on the side of the plane and jumped, and happily he came safe to earth while the abandoned plane crashed a mile away.

THE RAILWAYS SAVE A FORTUNE

A remarkable law case has resulted in the railway companies securing a huge reduction in the rates they pay to local authorities.

The Southern Railway appealed against their assessment in the House of Lords, and won, and the railway will save at least £300,000 a year under the decision, which will affect all our railways in the same manner.

FIRST PEACE OF THE NEW REIGN

A Victory of Great Promise

There is to be no coal strike; a peace has been arrived at which is full of promise for the future.

It does not give the miners all they asked, but it gives them more than the owners felt they could pay; and it does more than this, for it establishes friendly relations between the owners and the men such as have not existed before.

It has always been a source of resentment to the miners that the coalowners would not recognise their Federation; but the owners have now conquered their prejudice and a Joint Standing Consultative Committee has been formed to discuss all matters arising between them.

It is not only the best news that has come to the coalfields for years, but it is historic as the first great triumph of Industrial Peace in the reign of King Edward the Eighth.

KING GEORGE'S LAST AUDIENCE

His Farewell To His Ministers

Those who heard them will never forget, nor should the nation ever forget, the last words of King George to his Ministers.

It has been told that when the Council of State was held at his bedroom door, the King, sitting in his chair and looking on, had not the strength to sign the document, though he made gallant and pathetic efforts to do so.

After a little while he turned to the group through the doorway, and said very quietly, "I am very sorry to keep you waiting so long."

They were the last words the King spoke to his Ministers, the last official words he spoke, and they were characteristic of his consideration and courtesy from the beginning of his reign to that last hour. As he spoke he gave a friendly nod and a kindly smile, and so ended his last audience.

KING'S FIRST FLIGHT

C N Record of 23 Years Ago

A reader of one of the daily newspapers has unearthed a report of King Edward's first flight. It appeared in the C N for August 1913, and this is it:

Hundreds of people the other day watched the Army airship Beta make a graceful ascent and flight near Aldershot.

Before the vessel sailed aloft a slim youth in flannels was seen to climb into her car and take his seat. Nobody was interested in him, for nobody in the crowd knew who he was. They enjoyed a novel experience without knowing it, for they were the first people ever to see an Heir-Apparent to the throne of England sail for half an hour among the clouds. The modest boy was the Prince of Wales.

THE LAST WORDS FOR MR KIPLING

This Blessing by the Dean of Westminster was part of the funeral service in the Abbey when the ashes of Mr Kipling were laid near those of Charles Dickens and Thomas Hardy.

In thankfulness to Almighty God for the life and work of one who has been allowed to speak as a prophet to many generations of men, his own generation and those which are yet to come—unto God's gracious mercy and protection we deliver him.

The Lord bless him and keep him, and the blessing of God Almighty be upon you now and always.

A GREAT DAY FOR THE EMPIRE

Proclaiming Their Own King

The first day of the new reign was a proud one for all our Dominions, and for our one self-governing Colony.

In the ancient palace of St James's their representatives met for the first time to join with the Privy Councillors of this realm, and the Lord Mayor and citizens of London, in proclaiming a sovereign. Never before had a Colony or a Dominion been represented in its own right at these functions.

Among the signatures of princes, ministers, and peers of ancient lineage we read the names of men who were born in countries across the sea, each of them, as he signed his name, signifying the proclamation of Prince Edward as supreme lord of Canada, supreme lord of South Africa, King of New Zealand, King of Australia, and so on.

So without any fuss, almost unnoticed by the citizens of their Motherland, the subjects of the British Crown in their own countries have taken their rightful share in proclaiming the King.

THREE MEN IN A HOLE

Brave Human Spirits Working For Us

When next the fire is made up, let us think of James Teah and the pony.

Teah, who is 18, was trapped by a fall of roof in Kimblesworth Colliery, Durham. With him were entombed two other miners and a pony, all cooped up in a tiny space.

Teah and one of the other men had lost their fathers through accidents in this mine, and now it seemed as if their turn had come. Nine slow hours went by, and then (oh, the miraculous joy of it!) the rescue party made a hole big enough for them to creep through. They could stretch their cramped limbs; they could breathe; they were saved!

But Teah was not thinking about this. His first thought was for the pony. He could not rejoice in his own safety while it was buried, and the rescue workers had to feed it at once and swear to release it. Then Teah went home.

Much courage and kindness go to fill our scuttles, and the glow on our hearths is not only the warmth of ancient sunshine on dead forests, but the radiance of brave human spirits working for us down in the earth.

AMERICA

Congress Overrides the President

Immediately the American Congress passed the War Veterans Bonus Bill President Roosevelt sent in his own handwriting a message of veto, and the House of Representatives at once voted by 324 to 61 to override his veto.

PEACE AT GENEVA

Two peace triumphs mark the opening of the new reign in the coalfields and Geneva. We deal with the coalfields elsewhere.

The Council at Geneva, whose work we record in another column, broke up in a happy vein.

Mr Eden had won a great victory for peace in Europe. Herr Greiser, President of the Danzig Senate, made a handsome amend for his blunt speech and agreed to accept the recommendations of the League, change the unconstitutional decrees, and restore the freedom of the Press. A very dangerous crisis has thus ended in goodwill all round.

MISSING THE SUEZ CANAL

More Ships Round the Cape

Furrows ploughed by East India merchantmen and 18th-century convict ships are being opened once again.

So high are the insurance rates on ships travelling east by way of the Suez Canal that some ships are now sailing to Australia round the Cape.

So fast do our modern cargo liners sail that the extra 800 miles means an addition of only two days to the voyage, which can be completed by the faster ships in 37 days from London to Melbourne.

As a matter of fact the traveller via Suez takes as long, because the mail-boats have to call at many ports, whereas the cargo liners call nowhere; but against the extra cost of the two days voyage, which includes a sum of £200 for fuel, may be set the saving of canal dues, which average from £2500 to £3000 for these ships. We do not think the officers and crew are grumbling at the new-old route, for they escape the appalling heat of the Red Sea.

One of our shipping companies adopted the Cape route to Australia when we went off the gold standard owing to the fact that the canal dues must be paid in gold.

Until Mussolini sent his troopships to Massawa British ships contributed more than half the tonnage using the canal. The large numbers of Italian ships passing through made 1935 the busiest in the Suez Canal for six years. Last year 5992 vessels used the canal against 5663 in 1934.

See World Map

In order to save the oil used by the motor launches the gondolas have come back to Venice.

Southend-on-Sea is offering to buy up two sites to save the beauty of Leigh cliffs.

POOL OF KNOWLEDGE

French Doctors Lead the Way

The French are known the world over as a people so individualist that cooperative methods rarely flourish among them. The pool of medical knowledge now being formed by a medical society in France is therefore all the more remarkable.

This society, with branches in all the provinces, has recently organised a system of collective research. It chooses a subject for study, and the members in each locality meet and pool their experience on that subject. Delegates from the localities then attend a central Conference where the experience of doctors of the whole country is summarised and general conclusions are drawn.

By this interesting method this society is able to give us good news about Baby's convulsions. Convulsions, they say, are declining in most localities. This is due to two causes: a more widespread knowledge of the right way to feed and care for young babies and the decline of alcoholism. This is very good news.

A NEW ST GEORGE FOR LONDON

London is to have a new St George. He will be made of bronze, more than life-size, and will sit his charger before St John's Church in St Marylebone.

The sculptor is Mr C. L. Hartwell, R.A., and the giver is Mr Sigismund Goetze, a well-known painter. They both live in, and love, St Marylebone.

Goetze is a foreign name, but four generations of the family have lived in England, and Mr Goetze has shown a most generous affection for Mother London.

The ironwork gates at the south entrance to Queen Mary's Gardens, Regent's Park, are a Jubilee gift from him, and four years ago he gave the gates at the east entrance and an avenue of flowering cherry trees.

TOKYO A SEAPORT

Digging a Great Canal

The capital of Japan is to become a seaport.

Nearly forty years ago it was proposed that Tokyo should be linked with its port of Yokohama by a ship canal. The scheme has been under consideration ever since, and now the work is to begin. The distance between the two cities is 19 miles, and it is expected that the work will take about eight years and cost about three million pounds.

Actually there are to be two canals: the main channel for ocean-going ships and another one parallel to it for smaller vessels. The big canal will have a depth of 30 feet, and the vast amount of earth excavated in the construction of the two channels will be used for a land reclamation scheme in a Tokyo suburb, where a new industrial area is to be established.

The Japanese capital, with its five-and-a-half million people, is the third largest city in the world, and this new stimulus to its rapid growth is all the more remarkable when we remember that the whole city was wrecked in the earthquake of 1923. See World Map

SOAPLESS SOAP

When is soap not soap? The soap industry is being seriously threatened by the new introductions of the chemist which cleanse like soap without being actually soap.

Certain substances obtained from "fatty acids" will lather easily in the hardest water, and will do the work of soap extraordinarily well. Naturally the soapmakers are not being idle in the matter, and at least one new compound has been discovered by them which, added to soap, will make it work at least as well as the "soapless soaps." Many big dye and chemical companies are working on this new problem, for soapless soap has many advantages, one being that a very little of it goes a very long way.

BURSTING THROUGH THE ARCTIC

The Icy Fortress

Russia is making ceaseless efforts to break the chains with which the Arctic binds her northern shores.

Only for a month in the year is the way past Nova Zembla and Cape Chelyuskin and the islands of the Nordenskiöld Sea free from ice, and a passage open to the Bering Strait, which separates Asiatic Russia from North America. Last year one merchant ship made the voyage through this 8000 miles of ice-infested water. Two years ago the ill-fated ship Chelyuskin foundered in the ice pack. The story of the rescue of her survivors is one that might well make Russia proud of her airmen.

Next summer six ships are to attempt the passage, which is impassable without the accompaniment of ice-breakers.

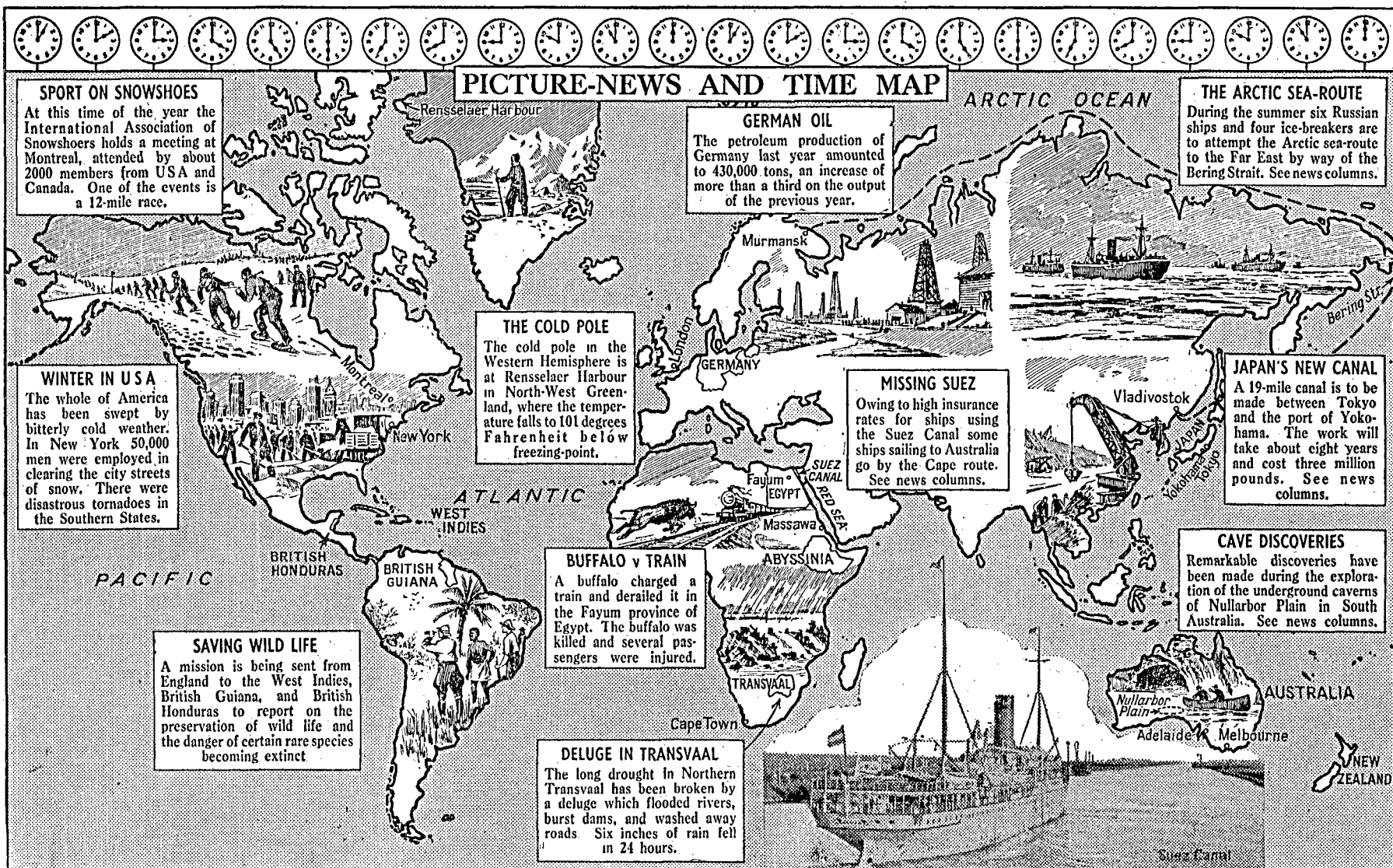
If this passage could be kept open it would offer Russia a short sea route to the Pacific which would be unassailable. Even with the new fleet of ice-breakers now being built, the scheme seems Utopian, but few would be willing to call it impossible. An old proverb says an idea will blow up a fortress; it looks as if it may blow up the icy fortress of the Arctic. See World Map

THE WINGED HORSE RETURNS

Charles Lamb's spirit is appeased at last. Elians will recall the passage in "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple" wherein Lamb lamented the disappearance of the winged horse from the entrance to the old Hall.

The winged horse, the work of J. M. Rysbrack, was originally set up in 1739, and disappeared in 1816. Fifty years later it reappeared, though it was unrecognised till 1933, and was given a place in the Library staircase.

Now, newly cleaned, this fine piece of marble sculpture adorns the lobby of the north entrance to the new Hall.



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 1 1936

The King Speaks

We give below four utterances of King Edward, two from his declarations on becoming King and two from his old speeches.

At his first Privy Council

WHEN my father stood here 26 years ago, he declared that one of the objects of his life would be to uphold Constitutional Government. In this I am determined to follow in my father's footsteps and to work as he did throughout his life for the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects.

I place my reliance upon the loyalty and affection of my peoples throughout the Empire, and upon the wisdom of their Parliaments, to support me in this heavy task, and I pray that God will guide me to perform it.

To the Army

I LOOK back to my service as a young officer in the Great War as one of the most valuable experiences of my life. It gave me comradeship with soldiers drawn from the United Kingdom, from the Dominions, from India, and from the Colonies. I learned to understand and to appreciate those essential characteristics which united them in the sternest crisis of our history: the same fervent attachment to the Crown, the same good humour and endurance in adversity, and the same determination to uphold the traditions of chivalry and courage which are our common inheritance.

On his last visit to New Zealand MILLIONS in Europe are in the grip of famine, misery, and despair. The unrest is natural; it will be productive of good if we will remember that the eyes of the world are upon us, and if we display the steadiness and fairness which marked our conduct in the war. I am confident that we shall. We are all British. Nothing can go wrong with us if we keep our British temper and our British ideals.

On the problems before us

WE did our duty quietly and thoroughly in the war: what is our duty now?

It is to show that we can work at our problems with a general fairness and sympathy, striving wholeheartedly towards one goal.

That goal is happier conditions of life, to ensure that every man and woman in the country may enjoy the just proceeds of their labour, and that every child born into the country may have a fair sporting chance.

Our problems will never be solved by hatred or by violence; they can only be solved by common sense, and above all by goodwill. The world is feeling rather lost at the present time, and it is up to us to show the way.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Kipling the Boy

ONE of the stories told of Mr Kipling is that his mother consulted Sir William Hunter, the historian of British India, about what she and her husband were to make of the boy.

"Send him to me," said Hunter, and, having had a long talk with him, he wrote to the mother: "Make nothing of the boy; he will make himself."

The Voice of King George

The doctrine that Force shall rule the world has been disproved and destroyed. Let us enthroned the rule of Justice and International Right.

King George on the morrow of the Armistice

February



Mr Fill-Dyke at work—by J. R. Monsell

Nearer and Nearer

WE have moved a long way since the days when Queen Victoria was horrified to see Mr Gladstone actually nearing the hearthrug as he argued some point with her; and we think our readers will prefer the hearthrug story of King George which we print in another column.

Also the whole nation will be interested in the precedent set by King Edward in addressing his first Parliament by the direct personal pronoun. Not We, but I, it is for the first time on record. Nearer and nearer comes the Throne to the People.

Good Laws Go On

OFTEN, when attempts have been made to invoke old laws, the defence has sought to discredit action on the ground that the law was passed so long ago.

The High Court of Justice has now disposed for good and all of this plea.

Good laws do not become obsolete. We do not need re-enactment of statutes forbidding agreed offences; crime and wrongdoing remain such no matter how old the law condemning them may be.

Poetry in a Bulletin

A PARIS newspaper has been impressed by the beautiful words of the bulletin which brought tears into every British home last week:

The King's life is moving peacefully towards its close.

In this idea of a life nearing its end like a river gliding to the sea there is a beauty which we are not accustomed to in official communiqués, says the writer; and we shall all agree with him that the doctor was a poet too.

To Rudyard Kipling

Your very heart was England's; it is just

That England's very heart should keep your dust. John Masefield in The Times

Tip-Cat

SCIENTISTS can now tell how many raspberries are in raspberry jam. So they haven't had a fruitless quest.

ONLY the Scots know how to make shortbread. And they have made it longer than other people.

ORATORS are born not made, says a writer. It is a pity some of them are.

TRAFFIC on our roads goes steadily up. Not when the roads run downhill.

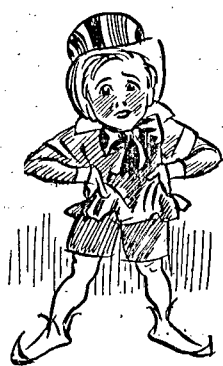
You often have to break in new shoes. Old ones break out.

THE printing trade is overcrowded. Too full for words.

SOME professions call for deep thinking. Especially the diver's.

Peter : uck
Wants To
Know

If square
meals make
round figures



A CORRESPONDENT wants to know how to prevent his window from rattling in stormy weather. Take it out.

CHILDREN are sometimes too excited to eat at a party. Surely they can take a trifle.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

CECIL RHODES's birthplace at Bishop's Stortford is to be preserved for the public.

AGLASGOW shipowner has left £10,000 to the University of that city.

JUST AN IDEA

We were reading the other day somewhere that lions trapped and shut up in cages grieve more from shame than from hunger.

Things That Never Happened Before

Old England starts a new chapter, and many things are happening that never happened before.

No King of England has ever flown in an aeroplane before.

No Parliament has ever been called together by wireless before.

Never before has a nation been hushed in its homes by the news from hour to hour that its king was passing away.

Never before has the proclamation of a king been heard in the homes of the people.

Never before has our king been proclaimed simultaneously in all the Dominions.

Never before have the Dominions shared in the King's first Privy Council.

King Edward is the first of our monarchs who has seen the whole of the British Empire.

He is the first king to ascend the throne with the name of Windsor.

He is the first king to be proclaimed as King of New Zealand and Supreme Lord over the Dominion of Canada.

He is the first king to reign over a British Commonwealth in which all the Dominions are equals.

For the first time an Air Force has taken part in a King's Accession.

For the first time the news of a King's death has been heard in a flying plane, which saluted with a dip at a height of 6000 feet.

It is the first time a King has addressed Parliament in the first person, dropping We for I.

The Poet in the Flood

WE were looking once again at the little book of letters and poems of Harold Parry, one of the young poets of the war, and we found that the trenches 20 years ago were flooded as our roads have been of late.

If the rains kept on, said the young soldier, he did not know what would happen, and, thinking of Tennyson's Brook, he wrote:

I come from trenches deep in slime,
Soft slime so sweet and yellow,
And rumble down the steps in time
To souse some shivering fellow.

I trickle in and trickle out
Of every nook and corner,
And, rushing like some waterspout,
Make many a rat a mourner.

I gather in from near and far,
A thousand brooklets swelling,
And laugh aloud a great Ha, ha!
To flood poor Tommy's dwelling.

He was one of the most promising of the fifty English poets who fell in the war, a youth of sterling character who loved his country and the world. This is one of his poems which will not be forgotten:

I looked into the eyes of Time,
And musingly I said,
There'll come a day when you and I
Will both of us be dead.

But I shall rise again, to count
No hours that come and go,
And quiet you will ever bide
With Death as bedfellow.

A Word From Goethe

To the German Race
Children, go back. Go back to Life,

NO PRINCE OF WALES?

A GAP IN THE NATION'S LIFE

The Throne To Lose a Powerful Buttress

MUSIC WE MAY HEAR NO MORE

*Among our ancient mountains
And from our lovely vales
O let the prayer re-echo,
God bless the Prince of Wales*

Shall we not hear it now? Is the old familiar strain to fade from our memories?

One of the extraordinary consequences of the occupation of our throne by a bachelor king is that there will not be a Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales is always the first-born son of the sovereign; the first of them all was the son of our first King Edward. He stands next to the Throne in the eyes of all people, a visible token and pledge between sovereign and subjects that the line of the kings will in him be continued.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales

He is the Throne's buttress and supporter, and continually the sovereign's representative and ambassador. Not since the reign of William the Fourth has England been without the presence of this Prince, who is the Heir-Apparent.

The importance to our national life of a Prince of Wales cannot be overrated. Hardly any circumstances can diminish it. During the long reign of Queen Victoria the Heir-Apparent remained Prince of Wales for 60 years before he became King of England. During a great part of that time he was overshadowed by his mother, who kept him in the background, so that he was accorded a smaller share in political education than he should have received. Nevertheless Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was a name to conjure with among the people, and it is not too much to say that for a number of years he was more popular than his autocratic mother.

Edward the Seventh's eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, died before his father came to the throne, and his brother George was called suddenly from his chosen career to take the place of the eldest son.

Almost the first act of his father on coming to the throne was to make him Prince of Wales. It was not quite the first act, for, owing to a promise made to Australia some years before that Prince George should open the first Federal Parliament of the Commonwealth, the Duke and Duchess of York set sail for the Antipodes as missionaries of Empire.

A Famous Speech

On their return the Duke was at once made Prince of Wales, having, as we may see, begun a prince's duties before he became a prince. It may be taken as marking a new era that on his return he made a famous speech in the Guildhall in which he told his hearers that their brethren across the seas thought it time that the Old Country should wake up. There were only a few years for this prince to represent his father the King, and to give assurance of his own preparedness to undertake the highest responsibilities; but in these few years he visited Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, and made a memorable tour in India. He had only one holiday abroad. It lasted a fortnight.

There is hardly need to point to our last Prince of Wales as his father's right-hand man. Ever since we saw him 25 years ago, a shy bright-haired lad standing in the gateway of Caernarvon Castle, when King George smilingly presented him to the applauding crowd of the Welsh people, the burden of his supreme position has hardly been lifted from his shoulders.

In those momentous minutes of the presentation he seemed to us to stand

JARROW'S BRIGHTER DAY

King Steel Returning

The rising tide of steel is washing the shores of Jarrow. One of her disused shipyards is to become a new steelworks.

For a long time Jarrow has been one of the emblems of the industrial depression of the North. Appeals have been many on behalf of its idle work-people. It was while the Town Council was about to appeal to the Government to re-open the abandoned Palmer's shipyard and steelworks, so as to get men to work again, that the news came that private enterprise was about to do so.

A Sheffield firm with a capital of £1,000,000 has bought the old yard with the intention of building a new steel-works on it and bringing a rising steel industry to the town. Jarrow will not be alone in reaping the benefit, though to its people it seems to spell its new birth as an industrial centre. The whole of Tyneside will share in the expected prosperity.

When the old Palmer's company was in its prime 2500 men were employed at the blast furnaces and steelworks, and twice as many in the shipyard. If all goes as all hope more than 7000 steel men will come back again to Jarrow.

SANDRINGHAM CHANGES ITS TIME

The Queer Story of Its Clocks

Of the many changes the new reign has brought none is more curious than that of Sandringham time.

Since Edward the Seventh's day the 300 clocks at Sandringham had run according to a kind of modified Summer Time of their own, half an hour ahead of ordinary time. The coming or going of the Summer Time which was Mr Willett's invention was added to or subtracted from this half-hour.

The unannounced purpose of this extra thirty minutes in the household's timetable may have been to secure promptitude, for, as the old saying goes, punctuality is the politeness of princes. Whatever the reason for it, the practice remained during King George's life.

It has now ceased with his passing, and in the first day of the reign of Edward the Eighth every clock in the house and grounds returned to Greenwich time.

When that alteration had been made the King's Lynn clockmaker who for eleven years had kept all the clocks up to their unusual time went in the dark morning hours to put back the clock of Sandringham Church. For two generations the villagers of Sandringham and Dersingham had taken their time from it.

On January 21, 1936, their people learned from their church clock that a new reign had begun for England and a new time for Sandringham.

Continued from the previous column

as one dazed. The King, holding his hand, whispered a word of assurance. What it was no one can tell, but it may be that in that moment the realisation came to the boy of all the future might mean. The King he was to help was by his side. The people whose needs and expectations he must learn were calling him.

That call must be always in a prince's ears. How Edward Prince of Wales fulfilled it England knows, the Dominions know, India knows, all the world knows. Without a prince to do as he has done, his land and people seem to have lost a present friend, a listener to their troubles.

In gaining a King who is near to us, less aloof from our knowledge and intimacy than any other king save his father, we have lost the king's helper, the Prince of Wales.

NEW PLANE IDEA

Metal Network of Great Strength and Lightness

THE GEODETIC WING

A stir has been created in the flying world by the appearance of a mono-plane with entirely new principles of construction.

The plane is the Vickers Wellesley, and its fuselage and wings are built on the Geodetic principle, which enables structures to be made extremely light in weight while having enormous strength. Greatest advantage of all is, perhaps, that wings and fuselages can be made without any interior obstructions, the strength of these parts being in the actual shell.

Wing-Spread and Speed

Geodetic construction consists of numerous curved strips of a light metal alloy built up into a kind of network. Thus a wing, before receiving its outer lining of fabric, plywood, or other material would almost appear as though made of a very large mesh wire-netting. Each little curved strip of metal is placed opposite another so that a stress on one is counteracted by the other. In this way an extremely rigid structure results without the need for any interior bracing or support. With the hollow wings thus made possible space becomes available for storing petrol and goods, and in time, no doubt, engines and passengers will be accommodated within the wings.

Another possibility is the telescopic wing. A machine with telescopic wings could use a big wing-spread to take off with a heavy load and, when in mid-air, reduce its wing-spread to increase speed.

Quite apart from these possibilities for the future the weight saved by Geodetic construction immediately increases the range of a plane because so much more petrol can be carried.

HOW DID THEY GET THERE?

Things Found in New Zealand

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

The question is being asked whether some daring navigators of whom history has no record visited New Zealand hundreds of years ago.

The men in charge of the Dominion Museum in Wellington have been packing up and preparing to move their treasures to the new National Art Gallery and Museum building now nearing completion.

One of these treasures is a metal bell found by a pioneer missionary in 1836, when it was being used as a cooking pot by Maoris. An inscription on the bell proves that it was made by the Tamil people of Southern India.

How came this bell to New Zealand? The Maoris told the missionary it had been uncovered when a tree was blown down. In that case the bell must have reached New Zealand many years before 1836. It is known that the Tamils were great voyagers and made visits to Madagascar and Java in the days before European ships sailed the Indian Ocean.

Did a Tamil ship visit New Zealand? Was the bell brought by the ancient Maoris who came from the islands of the tropical Pacific which may have been visited by Tamil navigators? Or was it brought from India by some English, Dutch, or Portuguese ship? Nobody has solved this riddle.

There was also in the museum a helmet of the type worn by Spanish soldiers in the time of the Armada. Several years ago it was brought up in Wellington Harbour during dredging operations. It offered another riddle: Did a Spanish galleon put into Wellington Harbour centuries ago and drop the helmet overboard?

PEOPLES OF TWO NATIONS

ENGLAND AND FRANCE GOING DOWN

Hardly More French in Europe Than 70 Years Ago

THE AGEING OF NATIONS

From France comes news of a further decline in children, taking visible effect in a fall of population. In the first nine months of last year deaths exceeded births by over 9000.

It is hardly to be believed, but the population of France today is only three millions greater than it was 70 years ago. In the same time other white nations have increased enormously.

No one who values the great contribution of France to civilisation can welcome this loss of people.

Historical Decline

There are two ways in which a nation can age. It can do so historically, and it can also age in the sense that its people reach a higher average age. In the last case the ageing is the result of a fall in births combined with improvement in health conditions, and it may lead to historical decline. That is what is going on both in France and in England, and in some other parts of Europe.

Only Sweden and Austria have lower birth-rates than ours in England and Wales. The average age of our people is rising thus:

1921—men 30, women 31
1931—men 32, women 33
1933—men 32, women 34

That is because new children are becoming fewer. It also follows that the births will soon be fewer than the deaths. This is now a matter of a few years. Reduction in our population is officially declared to be inevitable.

Age and Motor Accidents

The Registrar-General has been looking into the relation of age to motor accidents.

He finds that from five to ten is the period of greatest risk. Children are then "beginning pedestrian activity uncontrolled by experience." From the age of ten to fifteen children suffer less. Old age suffers terribly, with its physical inability to escape traffic dangers.

Finally we may note that in England and Wales there are now 1,750,000 more females than males. Yet more boys than girls are born. The explanation seems to be that more women survive the ills of life, while men take greater risks and endure more arduous labour.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN KENYA?

It is not pleasant to learn of the taxing methods employed against the natives in our East African colony of Kenya.

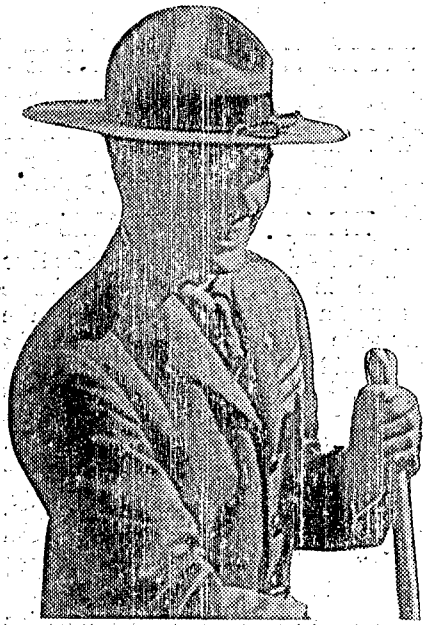
Recently Archdeacon Burns complained of what he regarded as unjust practices, and the Government has properly granted a Committee of Inquiry.

It seems that native chiefs, employed to collect taxes, have made prisoners of women to bring pressure on defaulting men. The Archdeacon went farther and said that "things were being done which were so bad that they could not be described in the Legislature."

In defending what had been done the Native Commissioner brought out some astonishing things. It seems that natives refusing to pay are imprisoned in detention camps. In one year as many as 8000 people had been sent to these camps.

Kenya has a population of nearly 3,000,000, mostly natives. The white people number about 15,000 men, women, and children, and there are some 40,000 British Indians and others.

The King as Prince



The King as a Scout



With King Fuad of Egypt



Lighting the lamp of Too H

Prince Charming On His Throne

YOUTH is in the heart of our new King; despite his 41 years he preserves the very spirit of boyhood, blended with the wisdom coming from training, from example and observation, and from travel such as no other ruler ever had.

He has sailed all the seas, visited every continent, learned his way about 40 countries, and by land, sea, and air has covered well over 300,000 miles, making himself fluent master of French, Spanish, and German, while acquiring more than a working knowledge of Italian, Dutch, Welsh, and the dialects of African tribes.

From the time of his birth the Prince was the darling of the Royal Family, but he remained unspoiled, and at the Naval College at Osborne and at Dartmouth he was treated as other boys. Not understanding at first that he was heir to the Throne, he decided in his childhood days that he would be a doctor; and then, when his destiny was made clear, he said: "When I am King there will be no cutting of a puppy dog's tail, no bearing-reins for horses; and I shall do away with all sin in the world."

After a spell at sea as a middy he went to Oxford University, playing cricket, football, rowing, chasing along the river bank as his college boat took the water, riding about the city on his bicycle, unconcerned, unpretentious, with every good fellow made at ease in his company.

Then the war came. After training with the Grenadier Guards he pleaded to be allowed to go to the Front, and so persistent was he that he was at the Front three months after the outbreak, sharing the perils to which our little army was exposed, and protesting, if threatened with favours, that he was only a junior officer in the Guards.

At the Front

Attached to headquarters, he insisted on entering the trenches, where he saw war in its grimmest form. Often he was under shell-fire, and once his car was smashed by a shell a few seconds after he had left it. But, as he said afterwards, he mixed with men in those four years, and it was there that he found his manhood.

He visited the Egyptian and Italian Fronts. He was on short leave when our Front was shattered by the German offensive of March 1918, but on the 15th day of that crucial phase, when the Empire was reeling under the blows it sustained, back he went to the point of danger, to remain there until the victory was won. Never since the Black Prince had a royal heir experiences such as these.

With the coming of peace none strove more zealously for the welfare of those broken in the conflict.

Now a new career awaited him; he became the Ambassador of Empire,

herald and exemplar of international goodwill. First he travelled through the length and breadth of Canada. He passed on to the United States, where the verdict of a startled editor was: "It's the smile of him, the modest bearing of him, the natural fun-loving spirit that twinkles in his blue eyes, and the recognition of duty to be done triumphing over a youngster's natural uncase and embarrassment, that does it." When we at home read that, with the additional exclamations that he was a charming youth, a good sport, and "a real democrat," we knew that the writer had been in actual touch with him, for these are the characteristics that have endeared him to us all.

He twice sailed through the Panama Canal; was ducked and shaved when crossing the Equator; was hailed as one of their kith and kin in New Zealand; and during a two-months tour of Australia, a miner, on being told that this young man was the prince, answered, "Yes, and I'm the King of England," to be greeted later by the prince, when they were introduced at a reception, with, "Glad to meet you again, dad!"

All Parts of the World

He made a great tour of India; he twice visited Africa, where he flew over Kilimanjaro, roughing it like a Boy Scout in the jungle; and he made friends with the wildest natives. He had wonderful adventures in South America, where, in addition to visiting five countries, he climbed 10,000 feet in the Andes and flew 10,000 miles along their treacherous flank.

He lived like one of the cowboys on his ranch in Canada, where he said of his farming that he had had satisfactory reports though he "could not claim to be raking in the dollars." He opened Malta's first parliament; he laid a wreath on Kruger's grave at Johannesburg; he planted an olive tree at the grave of Napoleon; he paid homage at the grave of Cecil Rhodes. He flew nearly all over Europe, and the plane in which he flew to London for his accession Council the other day was one of six which he owns. He is the first British king to fly.

With an Englishman's love of animals and a zest for all healthy sport, he has never forgotten his poorer fellows, but has wrought untiringly for the social betterment of them all. He is sweeping away the slums on his estate in Camberwell. There is hardly a slum area in London that he has not visited.

He has accumulated knowledge such as no monarch ever had before. With a record unequalled for travel and experience of the world, with a heart responsive to all the lessons he has gained, he begins his reign with the assurance that his people learned to love him long ago and will love him more and more for the virtues that make him what he is.

Our High and Mighty Prince Edward

This is the form, honoured by centuries of tradition, in which our King is proclaimed.

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late Sovereign Lord King George the Fifth, of Blessed and Glorious Memory, by whose decess the Imperial Crown of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David:

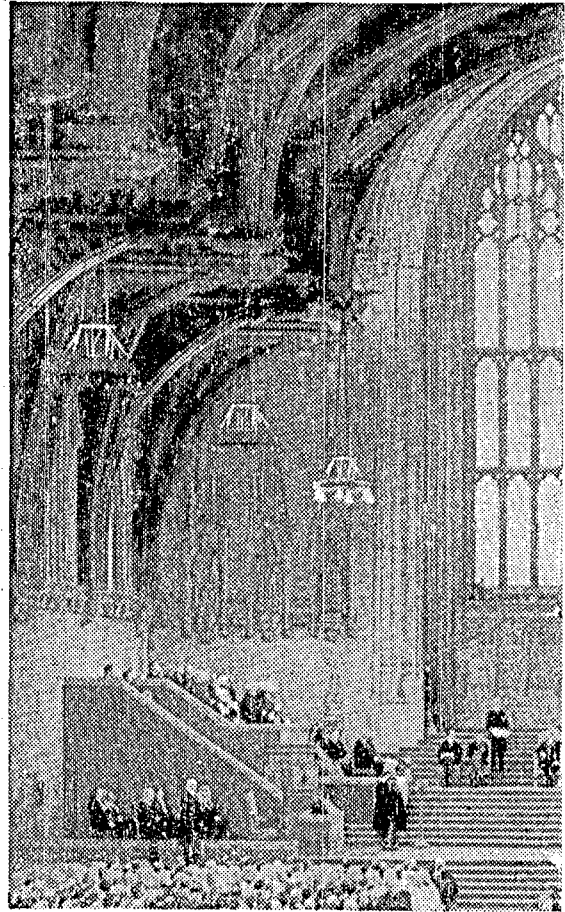
We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with these of His Late Majesty's Privy Council, with Numbers of other Principal Gentlemen of Quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, do now hereby, with one

Voice and Consent of Tongue and Heart, publish and proclaim:

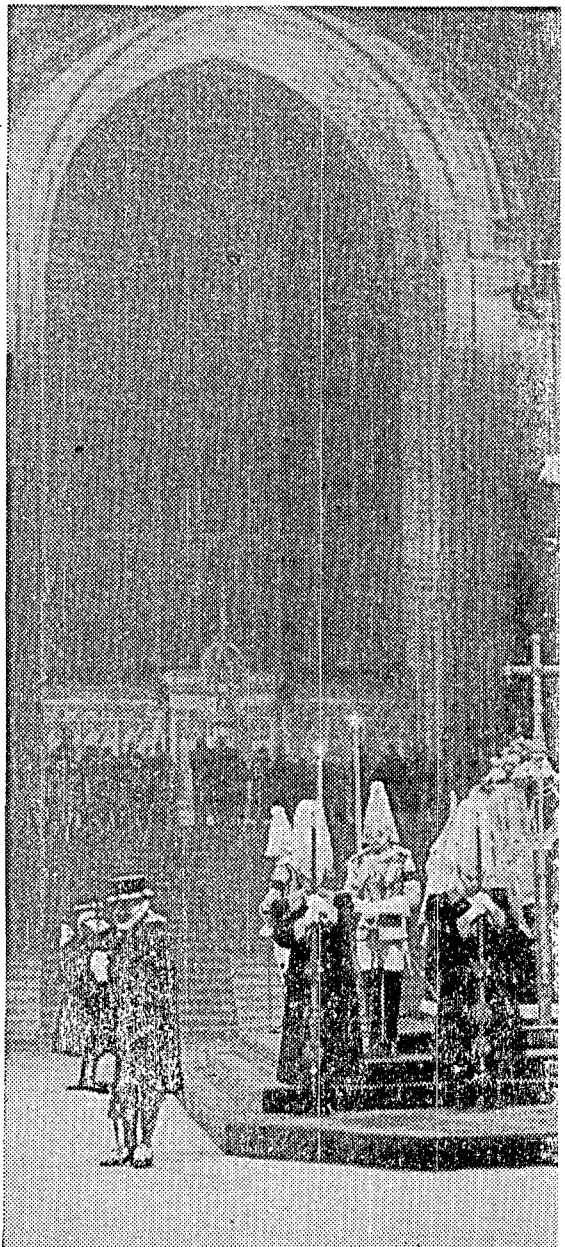
That the High and Mighty Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David is now, by the Death of our late Sovereign of Happy Memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liege Lord Edward the Eighth by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India;

To whom we do acknowledge all Faith and constant Obedience, with all hearty and humble Affection; beseeching God, by Whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince Edward the Eighth with long and happy years to reign over Us.

King George's L Great Hall



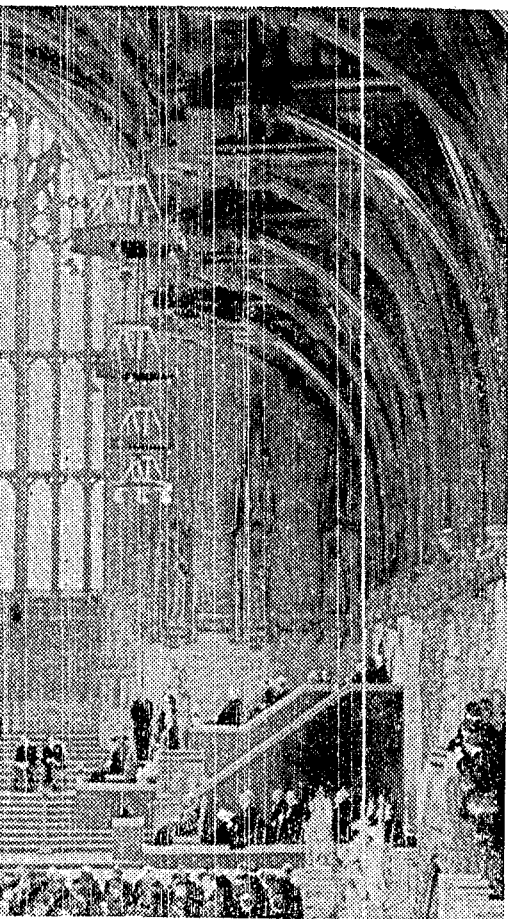
The scene at the Jubilee last year when d



The Lying-in-State this week whil

Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow.

Visits To The Parliament



Members of Parliament gathered in the Hall



As people passed by the coffin

more in soldier fashion will he greet
a lifted hand the gazer in the street.

The Prime Minister To The British People

One of the most memorable of all broadcasts was Mr Baldwin's talk to the nation after the passing of King George. We take from it his tribute to the two kings and to the Queen, to whom the heart of the whole Empire goes out in her great sorrow.

KING GEORGE

He Served His People and His Generation

To famous men all the Earth is a sepulchre.

It is less than a month ago that the voice now silent was heard around the world, a King addressing his subjects, a father seated with his family speaking to his people, members of his wider family, words of wisdom, courage, and deep human sympathy. And it is as members of a family that we are mourning him today.

There must be millions who feel, as I do, that a wise and loving friend and counsellor has been taken from us, and for long the world will seem a poorer and a colder place without him.

As to the King, what can I say in a few minutes and within 24 hours of this shattering blow? I think I may try to picture him as one who has borne the responsibilities of his position during perhaps the most difficult quarter of a century in which a monarch has ever sat on our Throne.

There was no respite for him during those 25 years. The whole world has been in a state of commotion, and there never seemed to come to him any period when he could look ahead for two or three years and feel that all would be peace and quiet and nothing in the world to cause him or his people trouble.

The world has been what a great man of the 16th century called it, a raving world, and he played his part in it gallantly to the end.

He was tired at times, and I used to contrast his lot with the lot of the politicians, for we can and do have our old age, if we live, to ourselves. But the King's burden is never lifted. It goes on all through the year. It goes on with age, and the only release from it is death.

There is one thing I think I can tell you without any impropriety, for though most of what passes near the end is sacred, and we none of us have the desire or right to inquire into what happened at those times, yet I think I may tell you this. The King was having brief intervals of consciousness, and each time he became conscious it was some kind inquiry or kind observation of someone, some words of gratitude for kindness shown. But he did say to his secretary when he sent for him, "How is the Empire?" An unusual phrase in that form. And the secretary said, "All is well, sir, with the Empire," and the King gave him a smile and relapsed once more into unconsciousness.

Behind the pomp and the pageantry incidental to his great position he laboured night and day in that high station to which God had called him.

The doing of his duty to the utmost of his ability was the guiding principle of his life. Great power, which corrupts weak natures, ennobled our King's character, and made him subdue passion and will and energy to his duty to his country.

He brought the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the Commonwealth, and not only in virtue of his office but in virtue of his person was he the first gentleman in the land.

As the knowledge of the King's complete dedication to duty grew and spread, as his reign proceeded, so did the respect of his people turn into reverence and reverence into love.

It is literally true that he won their hearts

THE QUEEN

King George's Good Counsellor

I do want to say a word to you about Queen Mary, for I know that every heart in the Empire is sore for her this night.

It often seems to me that in a married life so perfect, so happy as theirs was, there has to come that inevitable day when one is taken and the other is left, and one of the two has to continue the pilgrimage to the end alone.

There are millions of hands which, if they could reach the Queen, would be stretched out to her, and tears of sympathy be shed with her.

May not this be a comfort to her, that after all the one who is left is really carrying the cross for the one who has gone before. If she were not suffering today, he would be, and she is bearing what might have been his sorrow for him.

Knowing how lonely the high places of the world are and knowing that he has no one but his wife with whom he might have really intimate converse, I tremble to think what it might have been for him had he been alone in his awful task, with no voice by him to cheer, to comfort, and to encourage.

We are thankful, indeed, to feel that, even in her sorrow, Queen Mary is spared to the people who love her, and I am sure that we all of us, all our people, will show her, in whatever way they can, how close she is to their hearts, and how they will treasure her not only for the King's sake but for her own.

KING EDWARD

In the Prime of His Powers

WE can best honour the noble memory of King George by gathering round and sustaining the young King whom we knew as the Prince of Wales.

All eyes are upon him as he advances to his father's place, and, while he is no stranger to public duty, he has now to face responsibilities more onerous, more exacting, more continuous than any he has hitherto been asked to discharge.

He comes to them in the prime of his powers and already known throughout the length and breadth of his Empire. His great gifts of mind and heart he is now called upon to consecrate to his people. He inherits an example of kingly conduct, of virtue, of wisdom, and of endurance.

King George's reign was marked by far-reaching constitutional and Parliamentary changes without precedent in our long history. He earned the loyalty and respect of all Parties in the State, new and old.

He hands down in turn to his son the Throne he himself received from his father, and he hands it down with its foundation strengthened, its moral authority, its honour, and its dignity enhanced.

It is an incomparable and all-inspiring inheritance. The young King knows the confidence we all repose in him. He knows that he commands not only the allegiance; he knows that the understanding, the affection, and the prayers of the countless multitudes of his subjects are with him at this hour.

May God guide him aright and God Save the King.

On His Travels



The King as a youth in Paris



With the Empress of Japan



As a Red Indian chief

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED HAND

Forbidden Land of South Australia

HIDDEN RESERVOIRS OF THE BUSH

South Australia, this year keeping its centenary, has just added a bit of the unknown to its territory.

The discovery was made in the Nullarbor Plain, a treeless waste of stunted saltbush 480 miles long and 80 miles wide. Though the East-to-West railway joining Western Australia to Adelaide runs for many miles in sight of it, the plain remains much what it has always been in the sight of the Australian Blackfellows, a place of mystery and dread.

The Serpent in the Depths

In it the scanty rainfall sinks and is lost. From blowholes in its limestone expanses the wind bellows up in weird noises which the Blackfellows attribute to wicked spirits. They say that in the depths below an enormous serpent waits to devour the trespasser.

A party led by Captain Maitland Thomson has traced the legendary serpent to its lair among the subterranean caves of the Nullarbor. They found that it had, as was suspected, no existence except in the stories spread by the ritual priests of ancient Black-fellow tribes. But the caves are there, mystic, wonderful, and at the entrance to one of them, the Murrawidginie Cave, are painted the signs of the Red Hand, as a warning that none must enter.

This cave is believed to have housed the emblems of the weird tribal ceremonies of the Blackfellows, which still linger, though only a few privileged white men have ever learned much about them. The Murrawidginie Cave still keeps its secret though explorers may disregard the Red Hand's warning.

Imposing Natural Wonders

Other caves disclosed more imposing natural wonders, never before completely explored, though their existence was well known to former travellers. In the Koonalda Cave Captain Thomson's party found an underground chamber 800 feet round with a passage half a mile long leading to a deep well, with water 100 feet down.

This sunken water is characteristic of the caves. In the Weebubbe Cave, a waterway along which some of the party canoed, they found a vast room where the water was 320 feet below the land surface, but was at the same level as the sea 14 miles away. This huge lake was 200 feet deep in the middle.

These caves are the underground reservoirs of the water which filters through the chalk, and the strangest thing about some of them is that they are hidden only a few miles from the railway traversing this dry and thirsty land.

See World Map

THE LAST MEDAL

A man who served his country humbly but faithfully in the Straits Settlements for all the years of King George's reign, was presented at the Colonial Office with the Imperial Service Medal.

It was given to him by the Secretary for the Colonies in the name not of Edward the Eighth but of his father. Mr Joseph Taylor will wear it with the greater pride because it is most likely the last to be presented in the name of King George.

The sovereign is described as the fount of honour, and Mr Joseph Taylor will never forget that he was the last whom King George "delighted to honour."

The old London bus which survived the Great War is to take part in this year's celebrations of Vancouver's Golden Jubilee.

WHY THE FARMER TURNED BACK

Too Much For Poor Lizzie

Delightful is the first story to reach us about Southern Rhodesia's new single-span bridge across the Sabi River.

When news of the distance it would save reached the backveld one old farmer got into his old car and set off.

Painfully they climbed the hills; dangerously they rattled down them as the road wound its way to the valley of the Sabi; and then suddenly the thousand-feet arch from which the bridge is suspended came into view, soaring up into the blue and down again.

The old farmer stopped aghast at the sight. Sadly he shook his head, and sadly he turned his Tin Lizzie round.

"She's a good hill-climber yet," he said, "but it's no good; she'll never do that."

JANE HALL OF MANY BATTLES

Before Florence Nightingale

The singular 100-year-old story of a woman named Jane Hall has been told in The Times.

At the time of the Peninsular War in Spain, when we were fighting the Marshals of Napoleon, she was much attached to a soldier and followed him throughout his campaigns. She was present at every big battle, including Salamanca, Badajoz, and was within the lines of Torres Vedras. She saved the life of Captain Ponsonby at Salamanca, and at Waterloo she was conspicuous in attending to the wounded.

Toward the end of her life she fell in with very hard times, although various officers had sent her help.

It was such threads of human feeling that Florence Nightingale gathered up at the time of the Crimean War.

THE MOUSE RUNS UP THE STEERING COLUMN

A Warwickshire motorist found the other day that mice had stored hundreds of grains of wheat in the curve of one of the tools in his car. The tool was in an open box under the car bonnet, and the mice, having taken the grains from a sack of wheat in the garage, had carried them to the tool-box by climbing up the steering column.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN DRIVER?

What shall we do with the drunken driver?

I am in favour of leniency. Unless the first offence was very much overproof I would grant a renewal of the driving licence after six months on condition that the erring one carried a thumping big D on his car. Mr C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne

BLESSING 1000 TRADES

Cheerful housing figures come from the Ministry of Health. In December the building plans passed had a value 38 per cent greater than in December 1934.

Plans are now being passed to a value of about £11,000,000 a month, which means more homes, more building trade wages, and more materials called for. It is a big item in national prosperity, blessing a thousand trades.

£100 WELL WON

A miner's daughter, Miss Marie Jones, of Platt Bridge, Wigan, has won the Cecil Peace Prize, worth £100, for an essay on peace, which was open to university students and graduates all over Britain.

A NOBLE SPEECH TO REMEMBER

All the world knows the famous two-minute speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, for it has become immortal.

It seems to us that there is something like it in this stately two-minute speech by our new King Edward. It was made at Chatham at the unveiling of a naval monument with 8543 names on it.

After unveiling the monument the prince said:

Standing here in the Great Lines, it will fulfil perpetually a twofold purpose, as a shrine for the dead and a guide for the living. To seafarers entering the port in years to come it will be a searmark beckoning them home; and to those other seafarers who in the four dark years of war set out from Chatham never to return it will be a sacred token of our remembrance.

On the battlefields of France and Gallipoli we have built monuments which will watch for ever over the bodies of our soldiers who lie buried there; but for these no such monument is possible, for all the seas that encompass the world are their battlefield and their grave. From the Broad Fourteens to Coronel, from Jutland to the Dardanelles, they lie scattered beneath the waters, over which, through the victory won by their sacrifice, the ships of Britain still sail to the uttermost ends of the Earth.

Their mortal remains we could not commit to the Earth; their memory and their names we can immortalise.

While this stone stands and while our race abides, they will not cease to live.

THE BOY MAKES THE MAN

James Hill of Bradford

A long life well spent was the portion of old Sir James Hill, the Bradford wool manufacturer, when at 86 he left all his work behind.

He could look back on a wool business he had made into one of the foremost in the world, holding its own through good times and bad for nearly half a century.

In his later years he could recall his diamond wedding and the message sent him by King George and Queen Mary. He was a baronet then, an honour conferred on him on account of all he had done for Bradford as City Councillor and Alderman. Bradford twice made him its Lord Mayor, and to the city he gave a park and helped to build its infirmary.

All these memories belonged to one who as boy and man had worked without ceasing for over 70 years.

As a village boy of ten he drove a donkey and cart to Bradford to buy greens and potatoes, and take them back to Bingley to sell in the streets.

At 12 these happy days were done with. He went into a mill. But the sturdy lad did not mind mill hours. They led him into the trade of a weaving overlooker, who sees that the shuttles are doing their duty as well as he does his.

Apprentice wool sorter, sweeper up, foreman, and salesman, he steadily climbed the ladder till he started a business of his own. He did well enough at it to be taken into a larger firm than his own. He served it well, and then by way of a partnership started again as his own master.

The firm of James Hill, well known in Bradford in 1891, became, and is now, well known to all the world.

At Caernarvonshire Sessions three jurymen said they could neither read nor understand English, and were excused from serving.

WORLD AFFAIRS

CABINET CHANGES IN FRANCE AND EGYPT

Trouble With Danzig at Geneva

OIL SANCTIONS COMMITTEE

While at home we have been recalling outstanding events of 25 years and looking forward hopefully to the new reign just begun, events have occurred abroad which cannot but concern us.

There have been momentous meetings at Geneva, resignations of Governments in Paris and Cairo, the passage of an extraordinary Bill through the two legislative Houses of America, and the final signatures of the Peace Treaty between Paraguay and Bolivia.

Mr Eden and Danzig

At Geneva Mr Eden had to make one of the most difficult speeches ever heard there. As reporter to the League on the Danzig question he had to rebuke the Nazi Senate which rules that city for declaring that they were unwilling to carry out the recommendations of the League.

The High Commissioner had brought word that the decrees pronounced illegal at The Hague had not been withdrawn, and Herr Greiser had come to explain on behalf of the Senate, of which he is President. Somewhat bluntly he told the League that Danzig judges were as good as those of the League in deciding on the legality of decrees under the Constitution. Mr Eden was not slow to deal with so blunt a speech, and there are hopes that all will be well.

The resignation of the Egyptian Government followed an urgent request from this country to come to a settlement as to future relations. It is desirable that any Treaty between this country and Egypt should meet with general acceptance and that a more representative Government should negotiate its terms.

M. Laval's Resignation

Without waiting to be defeated in the Chamber, M. Laval handed in his resignation immediately M. Herriot and other Radical Ministers left his Cabinet. The Radical Party in France, realising the necessity for the League to be strong, has been opposed to M. Laval's compromising and delaying methods. M. Laval has done many unpopular things, but he claims that he has done them entirely for patriotic reasons. Everyone hopes the French people will keep calm and collected until the coming elections, but they have had nine Governments since 1932 and there is much excitement.

The representatives of the people in America, too, have been looking forward to the Presidential and other elections this year, and have been passing by big majorities the Bill which gives much-needed State money to the World War Veterans. President Roosevelt will veto this Bill when it comes to him for signature, but the question is whether Congress will override his veto.

Russia and Uruguay

As to Oil Sanctions against Italy, the League has appointed a committee to consider how it would work.

M. Litvinoff mingled humour with a serious indictment of Uruguay for breaking off diplomatic relations with Russia. He told the League that the Uruguayan Government had offered to install the Russian Minister again if Russia would buy 200 tons of Uruguayan cheese.

The President of the Council stopped a wrangle between the two delegates and a committee was appointed to look into the matter.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY If it is Next Week

Feb. 2. First United Kingdom Parliament met 1801
3. Mendelssohn born at Hamburg . . . 1809
4. Thomas Carlyle died at Chelsea . . . 1881
5. Sir Robert Peel born near Bury . . . 1788
6. Queen Anne born in London . . . 1665
7. Charles Dickens born at Portsmouth . 1812
8. Mary Queen of Scots beheaded . . . 1587

The Cheerful Novelist

Charles Dickens has been called "the good genie of fiction," or, as it were, a kind of fairy godfather, because of his brightness, humour, and tenderness, which keep his readers in a cheery frame of mind.

Dickens crowds his pages with the common people around us every day, exaggerating their curious points a little, but always writing as if he delighted in knowing them; and he is more widely read and loved than any other novelist.

He knew the mass of the people because he was reared among them. The general drift of his early life is followed in David Copperfield. He was poor as a boy and had a very irregular education, but he obtained some experience in a lawyer's office, and afterwards became a reporter. In journalism he swiftly won fame as a writer, and at last he worked himself to death.

At the age of ten he was sticking labels on bottles in a blacking factory. Now he lies in Westminster Abbey, but he lives in the hearts of millions whom he taught to love their fellowmen, even the queerest of them.



Dickens and some of his characters

A WONDER FOR ITS AGE The Rustless Crystal Palace

The Crystal Palace is renewing its mighty youth.

At the age of 82 it is as young as ever, and the old place, if asked to account for its robust health, might answer that it was provided from the first with an unequalled constitution. Its frame was built from puddled cast iron, the same material as that used by Thomas Telford (who constructed the Menai Suspension Bridge among others) in all his bridges.

Puddled cast iron is a material unknown in engineering construction today, but it has withstood rust in a way that no modern steel exposed to our damp climate can do. That is one of the reasons why the Crystal Palace is a wonder for its age, and is still bidding fair to remain a wonder.

THE VILLAGE GOES UP THE HILL Three Cheers For Columbus

Our own recent devastating experience with floods brings the story of the village of Columbus, Kentucky, home to us with peculiar force.

Columbus, a village on the banks of the Mississippi, was picked up bodily and moved 140 feet up the cliff after the serious floods of 1927.

It is well that this work was done, for the old site of Columbus has recently been 15 feet under water again.

The work cost £18,000, and this is how it was done: The American Red Cross bought the new site for the village and employed an expert town-planner to lay it out as a model village. The Red Cross then gave the site to the town, and churches, shops, schools, and houses (over 100 buildings in all) were put on rollers and moved foot by foot up the cliff to their new locations.

Each householder paid for the removal and repair of his own dwelling if he could do so; if he could not the Red Cross met the expenses.

The citizens of Columbus, delighted to be free of the constant fear of floods, have written to Red Cross headquarters to offer "honour and praise for these changed conditions." They say that when they look down at their former dwelling-place it "makes them feel good to know that they are now above such disagreeable situations."

This is an application of intelligence to environment which seems to us in all ways commendable. Three cheers for Columbus and the Red Cross!

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Money is a subject about which most of us know very little, and in his talk next Tuesday Commander King-Hall will give a simple account of the money systems of the world.

Mr Gaddum's talk on the salmon deals with one of the romances of Nature—the journey of the salmon from the sea to the fresh-water breeding grounds, the leaping of falls, the making of nests, and the fierce annual battles of the males. Finally there is the descent of the young salmon from its river nursery to the open sea.

Dr Barbour, continuing his talks on China, takes his listeners from Shanghai through Nanking to the very heart of the country. Here is the port of Hankow, six hundred miles inland, marking the meeting-place of river, rail, road, and air.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Vegetable Crops: by F. W. Costin. 2.30 Music: by Ernest Read. TUESDAY, 11.30 Money: by Stephen King-Hall. 2.5 The Story of the Salmon: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Howard Marshall on Some Books I Like—South with Scott, by E. R. G. R. Evans.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Great Charter: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 What Happens to Food: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 11.30 The Lower Yangtze: by G. B. Barbour. 2.5 North Devon: by S. P. B. Mais. 2.30 The Industrial Revolution: by Rhoda Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Spanish Galicia: by Janet H. Perry. 2.30 Music: by Thomas Armstrong. 3.35 Plants and Animals in Human History: by Professor J. B. S. Haldane.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 The Empire Overseas—Bread and Water, by W. Macrae.

TUESDAY, 2.5 English Literature—Drama in its infancy: by William McCallum Clyde.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Makers of Scotland—Montrose and Argyll. 2.30 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Horn, Corn, Wool, and Yarn: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 As National.

FRIDAY, 3.10 Mice and Rats: by James Ritchie. 3.35 As National.

ROPES OF STEEL

At the lower end of Battersea Reach the pile-drivers roar all day completing the piers for the new Chelsea Bridge.

In Birmingham the steel manufacturers are stretching the new steel ropes by which the bridge will be suspended from the piers. Though the bridge and all about is now a tangled mass of timber and concrete, the news from Birmingham is a hint that the fine new Thames bridge is coming near.

The system employed for stretching the steel suspension ropes is a new one. There are 74 lengths each of 800 feet in the 60,000 feet of rope. Every length has to be tested to make sure it will bear the stress put on it. A steel rope is elastic, but the ropes of a bridge must not stretch. As a preliminary, therefore, every rope is put to a strain of 50 tons to take the elasticity out of it.

The process which makes the ropes, notwithstanding their flexibility, as rigid as bars of steel is a new one in English steel manufacture.

NOISE IN THE SHIPYARDS

Our British shipyards, although still largely idle, are beginning to resound with work.

At the end of last year there were 743,000 tons of merchant ships under construction, nearly half the total world figure of 1,543,000 tons. Time was when British yards alone did more work than all the world's yards today.

The Faraday Medal of the Institution of Electrical Engineers has been awarded to Sir William Bragg.

AN ELEPHANT GIVES A PARTY

Mitchell Park, Durban, was crowded not long ago with some 15,000 children who with their parents had been invited to a party given by Nellie, the Indian elephant, on her eighth birthday.

The Mayor of Durban and several councillors were Nellie's guests of honour, and she received them dressed in a gown of crepe, with a pink head-dress trimmed with innumerable beads, two garters, and ear-rings to match. Her presents included cabbages, bunches of carrots, and piles of bananas and nuts.

For the amusement of her guests she played on the mouth-organ and performed numerous tricks, including the cutting of her birthday cake, which was decorated with eight candles.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of February 1911

The Cuckoo Clock. Most of us have heard the clocks which say Cuckoo. Professor Sylvanus Thompson told the children an excellent story of one of them in his lecture on Sound at the Royal Institute. The squire sent his cuckoo clock to the village clockmaker to mend, and called a few days later to know how he was getting on. The clockmaker was hopeful. "She's nearly ready," he said; "but there is one thing that troubles me now, for she oos before she cucks!"



*'Ovaltine'
has proved
Invaluable
says the mother
of this bonny girl*

LIKE many thousands of other parents, the mother of this bonny little girl has proved the supreme value of 'Ovaltine' for building up strong, sturdy children.

"My daughter has had 'Ovaltine' since a baby of a few months old," she writes. "Her day is not complete without her morning and evening cup of 'Ovaltine'."

'Ovaltine' is the ideal beverage for children. It is better than milk. Moreover, 'Ovaltine' has special properties which, when added to milk, make the milk digestible and much more nourishing.

Taken as a regular daytime and bedtime beverage, 'Ovaltine' gives children extra vitality to resist winter ills and chills, and helps to keep them free from school epidemics. But, it must be 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing "just as good."

OVALTINE

The Supreme Beverage for Health
Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin. P.179a

*Every Boy and Girl
should join the
League of Ovaltineys*

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official rule-book and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 'Ovaltine' Factory, King's Langley, Hertfordshire.

MICHAEL NORTH

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 9

A Strange Message

REFLECTING that, in view of the waiter's suspicions, it was no good staying there and drawing further attention to himself, Michael started back for the railway station, though what to do when he got there he couldn't imagine. It seemed as hopeless to return to Don Luigi without the skis as it would be to hunt for them in this immense city.

"I am well in the soup," he thought bleakly; "well in the soup!"

For supposing he sought the police? They'd begin showering questions, when he would have to mention that top-floor flat in the dark, narrow street and the queer Monsieur Kapt who answered to a false name. It all left an unpleasant impression hard to discuss, though, seeing that he had only been acting as errand boy and not, to the best of his knowledge, in anything shady, there was no reason to feel ashamed. But, considering also how the newspaper alluded to himself in connection with the robbery at his hotel, a visit to the police might increase his plight.

No, it's no good asking for more trouble," he muttered.

In this bitter perplexity he arrived at the station, where he was standing under a notice-board of the trains when he felt a slight touch on his shoulder and, swinging round, was surprised to see Beni-Hassan's mute Zamat.

"Hulloa, Zamat!" he uttered.

The mute made a sign, slipped away, looked over his shoulder, and jerked his head on one side as a signal to Michael to follow. They came to a waiting-room, which they had to themselves. Then, drawing Michael's purchase from under his arm, Zamat carried it to a table, turned it over, and, whipping out a penknife, began to cut the stitches securing the canvas.

Michael watched him eagerly. For there flashed back to mind Beni-Hassan's curious injunction to "remark how strongly the silk is sewn to the canvas." At the time he had taken the words for a mere piece of praise; now he suddenly guessed that the rug concealed something for himself. He wondered whether he would have guessed that if Zamat had missed him, and he saw that the Moor had been guarding against the contingency by putting the rug into his own hands instead of giving Zamat its contents to pass to him.

The mute worked slowly and patiently to make an opening just big enough for his thin brown fingers to explore. At last they went wriggling in, and they came out again with some writing which they handed to Michael.

He held his breath as he read.

"The foolish man shall lose his way in the wilderness, but the wise man shall order his path by the stars in the heavens. Attend, then, Michael North, to the words of thy servant. If but one man hath a secret that secret is safe, and though even two shall share it yet may it endure. But when evil men have come to the heart of that secret then shall they make haste to turn it to their evil profit."

He could hardly hold the paper steady enough to continue, for all his body was trembling. So Beni-Hassan knew his secret as well. *Though even two shall share it yet may it endure.* Beni-Hassan was promising that he could keep it. *But evil men . . . shall turn it to their evil profit.* Then Beni-Hassan knew about Don Luigi and the other two!

He pulled himself together, to read the rest.

"Let Michael North give ear. He walks in grave danger. Yet shall he recover his skis and master his enemies by following Zamat wherever Zamat now leads. Let him follow in silence, remembering that all men have ears. Beni-Hassan hath spoken."

Michael folded the writing and put it into his pocket. "Well, in for a penny, in for a pound!" he decided. And to Zamat he said, "I'm ready. Come on!"

But at this the mute shook his head, then replied with a gesture which signified that he would go first by himself, but Michael must take care to keep him in sight and, whatever happened, not to fall out of touch with him.

"I'll stick to you," Michael promised.

CHAPTER 10

Ramiro Reports

THE sun was rising above the range of Mont Blanc, touching every snow-capped spire and summit with a warm glow which, lingering, turned to crimson and faded away. In St Gervais, at Megève,

in Chamonix, on Col de Voza, the skiers and bobsleigh runners, and the more sedate curlers, turned on their pillows, thought joyously for a moment of the hours ahead, and dropped off into a doze till their coffee arrived. Yawning workmen were trailing with their brooms to the rinks, whence presently the music of skates would ascend. For a new day had come. And high upon Prairion were three men who greeted it anxiously.

They were up already. Already they had gone plunging out into the snow, and through that thick snow had ploughed back again to their hiding in the ruined stone hut. Then, as morning advanced, one after the other went forth and made his way to the forest, to watch the track for anyone coming along, and to return every time with the same scowl of disappointment.

"What can have happened to the lad, Luigi?"

"How on earth do I know, Antoine?"

"You told him distinctly to come straight back from Geneva? Did you tell him what train to catch?"

"I told him distinctly."

"Are you certain you didn't miss him last night at Le Fayet?"

The grey-headed man with the very long, thin fingers answered hotly. "Am I blind?" he retorted. "I couldn't have missed the lad, Antoine. I didn't." Then, lifting his eyes as the door opened, "Well, Giovanni? Any news?"

"There's none," said the incomer sourly. "I've been right through the three tiers of woods. I've been down nearly as far as the valley. I can hear nothing of the lad."

"Well, now we'll eat," frowned Don Luigi. "If North hasn't turned up by the time we've finished we'll think what's to be done."

They drew their chairs to the table and sat to their lunch, with grimaces of disgust for the tinned provisions. "When we've put this job through," said the square-faced Antoine, "may I never set foot in these barbarous regions again. It's back to Paris, eh, Luigi?"

"And to London!" exclaimed Giovanni. "It must be almost a couple of years since we worked in London?"

"Worked! Capital, capital! Work and play!" chuckled Don Luigi.

Then his strong features hardened unpleasantly. "Well, now," he announced, "for our conference. What steps do we take regarding this tardy young *Anglais*?"

"And the skis!" Giovanni cried hoarsely.

"And the skis. Yes, of course, friend. Have we any more use for the lad when he's brought back the skis?"

"You propose to keep our promise to him, eh, Luigi?"

Don Luigi smiled, but his smile was the smile of a wolf. "Perhaps," he uttered. "That depends. If it suits us to keep it, yes. If it doesn't, why, no."

"I am quite of your mind," agreed Antoine. "Hulloa! What's that?"

"That" was a stealthy scratching outside the door.

Without a sound Antoine stepped across to it and stood with his ear bent. Then he tapped on it twice very gently.

Two gentle taps echoed his own.

He turned with a nod to the others and lifted the bar. "In you come," he whispered, as a slim figure slipped past him into the room. Snow clung to this newcomer's trousers, and his leather jacket was dripping with snow from the branches. He removed his peak cap and unwound the scarf off his neck, then stamped with his heavy-nailed boots on the earthen floor.

"I've been bustling," he panted, "and yet I'm quite cold. Why should I be cold in this weather, Don Luigi?"

"Because, dear nephew," responded Don Luigi, "your heart isn't stout. You lose your courage too quickly, Ramiro."

Ramiro Lopez—for it was he—frowned at his uncle; then he muttered, "Well, my plan succeeded, at any rate!"

"It does you much credit. The young *Anglais* dropped into our hands. But certainly twas a pretty plan, that of your paper-chase!"

Antoine clapped the lad on the shoulders. "Aye, you did well!" he cried. "Tis our Ramiro who shall succeed to his uncle's fine brains. Aye, we trapped the lad and we sent him off to Geneva—"

"With his skis?"

"With his skis."

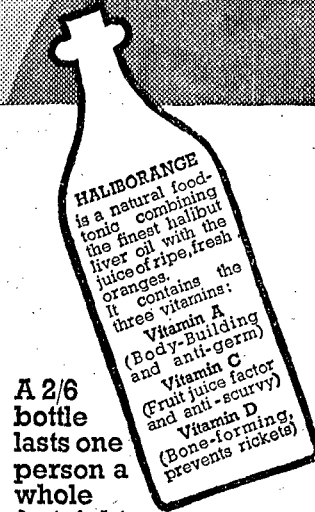
"Well?"

"Well, he hasn't returned yet," shrugged Antoine.

Continued on the next page

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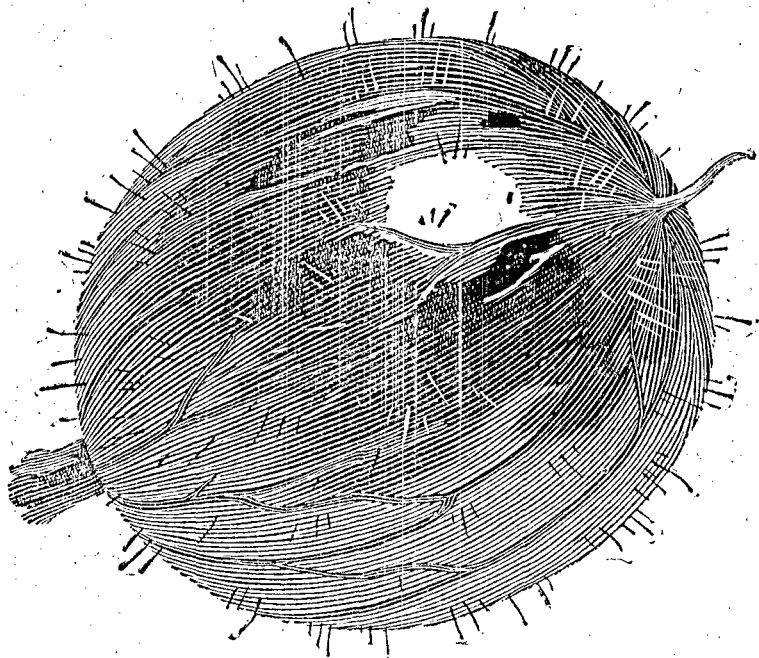
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LIST OF ACKNOWLEDGMENTS CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Continued from page 13

"Do you think that he's met with an accident?"

Don Luigi struck in. "Chi! Chi! Let that be for the moment. What news do you bring us in all this hurry, my Ramiro?"

Looking from one to the other, the lad said, "Have you seen today's paper?"

"Have the papers wings? Do they fly to these heights?"

"You haven't. Wait then," Ramiro told them of yesterday's robbery. Then, while the colour ebbed from his cheeks, he faltered, "The thief got the watch I—I was—taking care of!"

"He got that!" roared Antoine.

"Yes," owned Ramiro, trembling all over.

It looked as if he expected an outburst of wrath, a blow perhaps, for he cringed and shrank out of their reach. But the three men stood as if turned to stone. The silence prevailed for the space of nearly a minute, when Antoine moved heavily and dropped into a chair, where he sat with his folded hands pressed between his knees and his eyes fixed on Luigi. "I told you," he burst out, "not to trust it to Lopez." But Luigi turned on him with a snarl of a panther and like a panther baring his teeth at his friend. "Will recriminations help us, Antoine?" he snarled. "Giovanni and I were agreed that twas best Ramiro held it. Then to Ramiro, 'Had your room been turned out?' he asked anxiously.

"By the thief? Yes, ransacked," Ramiro owned, breathing hard.

"So!" Don Luigi was pacing the room, collecting his thoughts. "And you say that you turned suspicion upon the young Anglais? Why, then, you poor mooncalf?"

"Because," explained the lad, pleading. "I thought it a clever precaution in case Michael North didn't play straight with you. I thought it would keep him away from the hotel—oh, don't you see, Uncle, if he'd been intending to come back and tell tales about you."

"So you reckoned he'd soon discover that he was suspected?"

"The newspaper had sent a reporter along, and I took care to drop that reporter a hint against Michael. For it is strange, isn't it, that Michael's there all by himself, and that none of us know what keeps him hanging on there and why he never mentions his people at all!"

The three men exchanged amused glances.

"Yes," mocked Giovanni, "it is strange! Has it ever occurred to you to wonder what pressure we were able to bear upon the English lad in order to—well, shall we say persuade him?"

"Yes," Ramiro confessed. "I've been wondering."

No one answered. Giovanni had moved his chair forward nearer the stove, and was leaning over the stove with his back to the door. Don Luigi stood with brooding eyes at the window. And Antoine remained with his hands pressed between his knees, staring with knitted brows at the floor.

"Yes," Ramiro uttered again. "I have been wondering all the time what hold you have over Michael North."

"You can go on wondering," Giovanni flung over his shoulder.

Ramiro's alarm was subsiding but had not quite gone. "But I do want you to see," he said in a placating tone, "that, whether I was right or wrong in throwing suspicion on North, I was doing what I honestly thought best for you."

"And I wouldn't go so far as to say the lad's wrong," Antoine interjected sullenly, without looking up.

"No. And lucky for him!" screamed Don Luigi. The wolf had flashed out again.

"Didn't you say just now, Ramiro, that the young Anglais wasn't the only person suspected of the robbery?"

"Yes," said Ramiro.

"Who was it? Who is it?"

"Beni-Hassan," said Ramiro under his breath.

"Beni-Hassan. That old Moor who goes round selling carpets?"

"Yes," said Ramiro.

Then his jaw dropped and he stood rigid. From his position he could see what the others could not see. And he saw the door, which Antoine had neglected to fasten, being pushed open very slowly from the outside, opening little by little without a sound.

"Is it that your Excellencies desire a beautiful rug?"

Beni-Hassan stood, bowing gravely, upon the threshold.

And behind him could be discerned the figure of Zamat his mute, whose eyes were showing through the slits in his burnous, with his mouth and his chin, both the colour of chocolate, below.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO HAS A LUCKY DAY

MISS APE was worried because she had not been able to take her dog for a walk for several days. So one morning Jacko's mother sent him along to take it out for her.

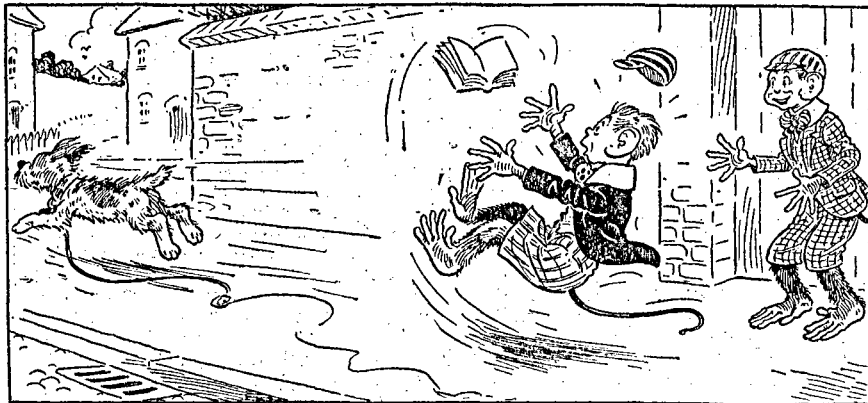
"Don't forget," called Miss Ape, as they started off, "I never let Pompy off the lead."

Jacko nodded. Before long he made for the park, where he pulled an exciting book from his pocket and started to read. But if Jacko wanted to stop

He did. But not for long. A sudden sharp tug shot the string from Jacko's fingers.

"Crikey!" he muttered, darting after it and plumping his foot on the trailing string. *Wallop!* Another tug from Pompy sent him sprawling, and when he scrambled up the dog and string had vanished!

Jacko searched frantically for hours, and at last, in fear and trembling, he knocked at Miss Ape's front door.



A sharp tug sent him sprawling

Pompy didn't, and he pulled hard to let Jacko know it.

"Better let the poor chap off that lead," suggested a boy looking on.

"Can't!" retorted Jacko. "He's not mine. Belongs to a lady who took him from the Dogs Home. Coo!" he chuckled, as an idea struck him. "Lucky I've got this chunk of thick string with me!"

He tied one end to Pompy's lead and the delighted dog bounded off. "The beggar's on the lead, anyway," grinned Jacko. "Now I'll enjoy a bit more book."

It promptly opened, and, to his amazement, Pompy bounced out. Miss Ape stood there, and a gentleman with her.

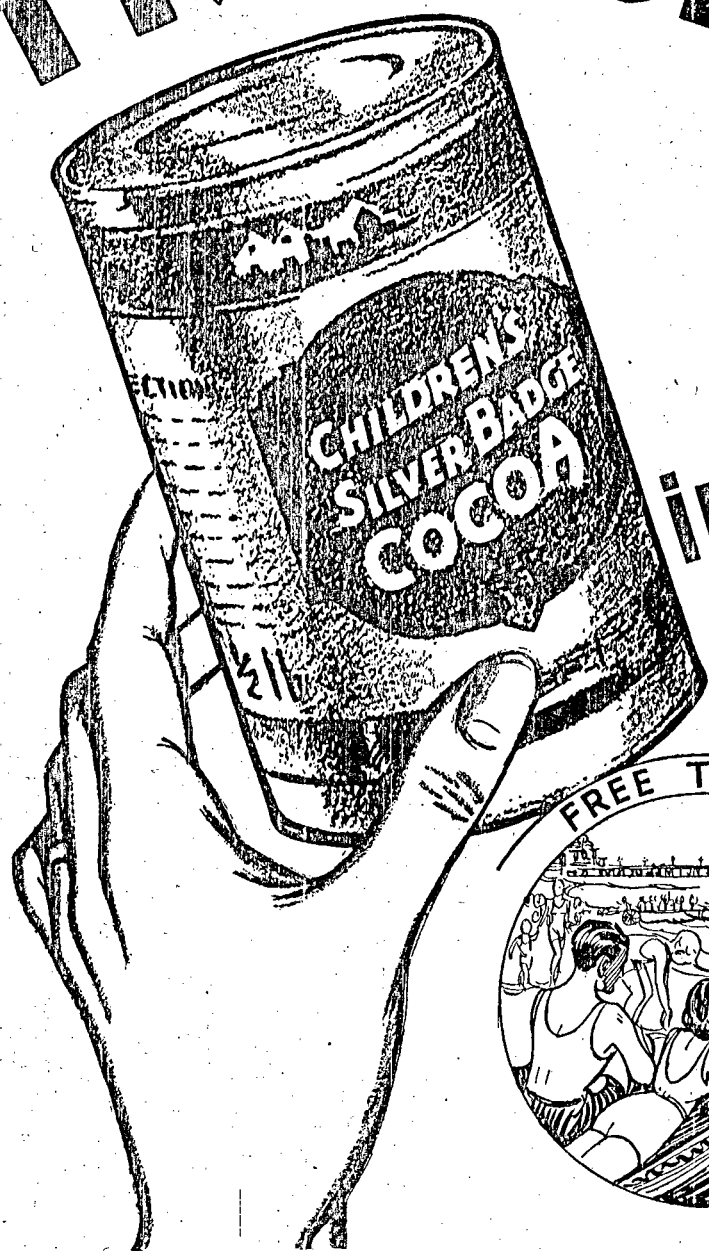
"Ah, Jacko!" she cried. "This clever little dog has found his master and brought him along here."

Jacko gaped. But his mouth opened wider when the gentleman popped half-a-crown in his hand. "It's all thanks to you, my lad," he beamed. "And now this good lady has given him back to me."

Jacko's answer was a grin from ear to ear. Then he bolted.

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THE BRAN TUB

A Curious Word
WHAT is the word that, when printed, reads the same forwards, backwards, and upside-down? *Answer next week*

A Musical Moment
IT was freezing hard after a snowfall and the pavements were very slippery. "This is the kind of day," remarked Musical John, "when if one does not C sharp he will B flat."

A Riddle in Rhyme
If you walked miles why would you be
Just like a car? Now answer me.
The reason is quite plain to see—
You'd both be tired, you will agree!

Try This
TAKE a pencil and a piece of paper and draw a circle round a penny. Now ask a friend if he can change the circle into an oval without touching it. After a little thought he will probably say he cannot do this and suggest that you will not be able to do it either.

All you have to do is to write the letters V A L at the right-hand side of the circle, and then, of course, you get O V A L.

Let On Parle Français



le dé la corbeille à les ciseaux
thimble workbasket scissors

Le méchant chien renverse la corbeille à ouvrage de maman. Il en tombe un dé, une paire de ciseaux, et six bobines de coton.

The naughty dog upsets mother's workbasket. Out falls a thimble, a pair of scissors, and six reels of cotton.

This Week's Nature Note

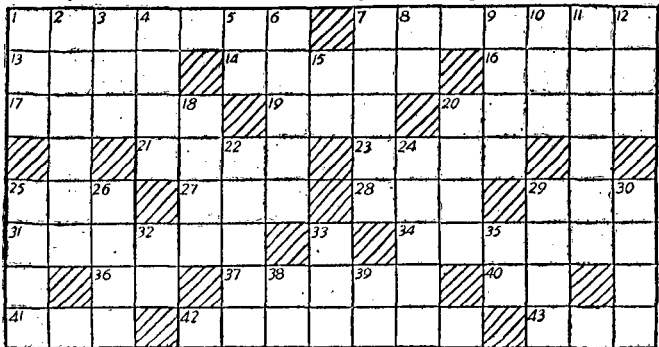
THE female mottled unbearably moth is wingless, and is often seen crawling up the bark of the birch tree at this time of the year. At a casual glance this moth looks very much like a spider.

Tongue Twister

BETTY BOTTA bought some butter.
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter."
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my butter better."
So she bought a bit of butter
Better than the bitter butter,
And it made her butter better.
So twas better Betty Botta
Bought a bit of better butter.

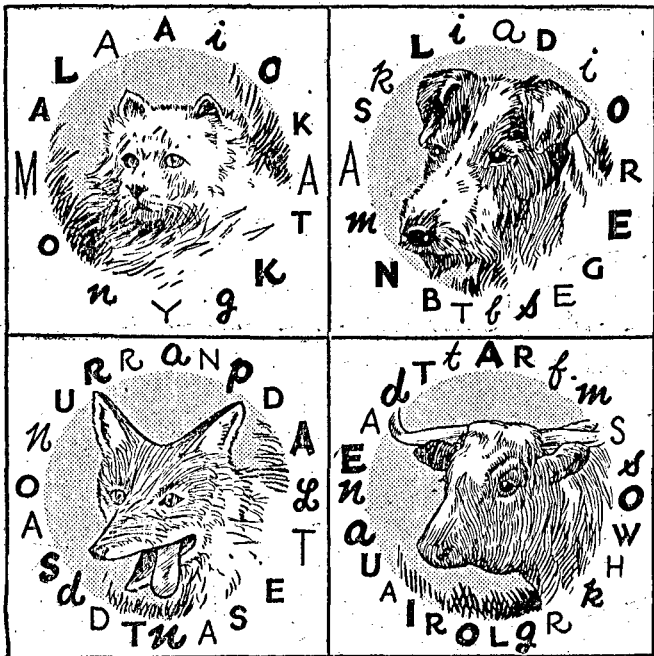
The CN Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. *Answer next week*
Reading Across. 1. Zealous. 7. According to the letter. 13. One of the primary colours. 14. Implied. 16. Mother's sister. 17. Confused mixture of sounds. 19. To move in a short, jerky manner. 20. Inclination in a particular direction. 21. A small valley. 23. The first garden. 25. A swimming bird of British seas. 27. Exclamation of disapproval. 28. The sheltered side. 29. Headgear. 31. Treats ore to extract metal. 34. Tests. 36. Early English. 37. A letting of land or building. 40. Transpose. 41. Earth's luminary. 42. Written messages. 43. Organ of hearing.



Reading Down. 1. Reflex of the tide. 2. A signal indicating danger. 3. To scour. 4. To want. 5. Saint. 6. Article of furniture. 7. A defamation. 8. Pronoun. 9. To gain by work. 10. Regret. 11. Yearly. 12. Limited. 15. Company. 18. The heart side. 20. To lacerate. 22. A kind of thread. 24. To discourage. 25. Requests. 26. Eager. 29. A long-eared rodent. 30. Last ruler of Imperial Russia. 32. French for the. 33. A rodent pest. 35. Same as No. 8. 38. French for and. 39. Compass point.

Picture-Puzzle Animal Proverbs



FOUR proverbs that refer to animals are represented here. The animals are shown in the pictures and the letters of the remaining words are jumbled round them. *Answer next week*

A Good Salesman

HE said he was an artist, but his pictures were far from good. When he was asked if he ever sold them he untruthfully said Yes. "Do you really?" replied his questioner. "Then come down to my office tomorrow. You are just the kind of salesman I have been looking for."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Saturn and Mars are in the West and Uranus in the South-West. In the morning Venus and Jupiter are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Monday, February 3.

Numbers

WHAT number is finished by adding one letter?
What number reversed becomes clear profit?
What number becomes fourteen pounds by adding two letters?
What number by adding three letters becomes foolish?
What number by subtracting two is gone?
What number remains the same after subtracting one?

Answer next week

Hidden Countries

THIS puzzle square contains the names of ten countries of Europe. The names may run either across the square or down it.

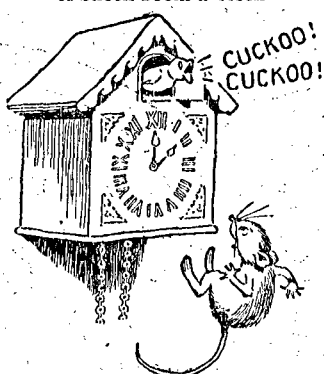
S P O R U S
I A I H P O I
T A N O L L A
N L Y G S W N
G E F R E E D
N R M A N C E
O R W A Y O N

Answer next week

The Editor Regrets

AT any rate (said the would-be author) I have discovered that writing is not a thankless task. "No?" queried his friend. "Well, everything I write comes back to me with thanks."

A Shock From a Clock



WELL, who'd have thought he'd make that noise? I am surprised to hear it. Well, all that I can say is, boys, I'm glad I don't live near it!

A Charade

MY first is everything.
So is my second.
My third is also.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Problem of the Cats. Four; one in each corner of the room.

Hidden Colours. Scarlet, red, black, green, white, gold, ivory, cream, pink, brown, jade.

What Is Wrong? Among the many mistakes in the picture are: Ladder does not reach ground; rungs missing; man on ladder standing on nothing; his head upside-down; man on scaffold; ing would not use pick; doorway being bricked up; roof being constructed before walls are complete; tiles being put on before roof is complete; tiling should begin at eaves; chimney-stack placed above window and chimney-pot upside-down; staging not fastened to scaffold poles and one of the poles upside down; wheelbarrow legs missing and handles should not be at the top; no hole in spade handle.

Five-Minute Story

The Long Way Round

JOAN was delighted when she was allowed to go to school by herself.

She ran off that first morning in high spirits, and as the little green bus came into the market square she ran up to it and jumped on before the people inside had time to get out.

Soon they were off; and when the man asked, "Where to, miss?" Joan held out her pennies and said, "A two-penny one, please."

Presently the bus stopped and a lady and a boy got in carrying a very large square parcel. The boy stared at Joan and Joan stared back.

She didn't like him much. She didn't like the way he was grinning at her. He looked a mischievous boy; and he was certainly a disobedient one, for when his mother told him to take his muddy boots off the cushions he just took no notice at all.

Presently the bus stopped again. A lady got in and began to talk to the horrid boy's mother. They were so interested in what they were saying that neither of them noticed the boy stoop down and open the big parcel.

Joan leaned forward. It was a cage—a strong sort of cage. There was something in it, something white.

The next minute there was a click. The cage door opened, and out sprang a big white rabbit!

"Oh!" cried Joan. The rabbit, feeling rather frightened, poor thing, rushed about the bus like a wild thing, and hopped up on the lap of an old woman, who began to scream.

Then it darted away and perched on the shoulder of the conductor, who had poked his head in to see what all the commotion was about.

"Oh, catch him!" cried the boy's mother.

But that wasn't so easy. They all tried, and it was the horrid boy, still grinning, who caught it in the end, and shut the door, and sat back in his seat looking the picture of innocence.

"If I were his mother..." thought Joan, when the conductor tapped her on the shoulder and asked, "Where were you wanting, miss?"

Joan started up and stared through the window. They were right out in the country, miles away from school. "What should she do?"

"Don't you worry," said the conductor kindly, guessing what had happened. "We'll be back again this way in an hour or so, and I'll see you don't miss it this time."

And you may be sure that Joan didn't.

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son	1 5 0	Miss Enid Middle-	5 0
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Thelma Kather-		Miss Betty Raus-	4 0
ino and The		Miss Margaret	6 0
Lady Winifred	25 12 0	Miss Margaret	
Howard		Miss Margaret	
Daffodil Co. (per		Miss Margaret	
Miss E. A. Simp-	6 10 0	Miss Margaret	
son		Miss Margaret	
Miss Margaret	2 3	Miss Margaret	
Ball	110 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Margaret	8 0	Miss Margaret	
Butler		Miss Margaret	
Thelma E.	16 6	Miss Margaret	
K. Frisco	1 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Dorothy Leal	15 0	Miss Margaret	
Kenneth Under-		Miss Margaret	
wood		Miss Margaret	
Miss Patricia	10 0	Miss Margaret	
Hazel	10 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Lillian Hobbs	10 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Frances Wil-		Miss Margaret	
Ham	5 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss B. Winston	5 6	Miss Margaret	
The Misses B. &		Miss Margaret	
P. Handley	2 2 0	Miss Margaret	
Mrs. Lawrence		Miss Margaret	
Miss Margaret	1 5 0	Miss Margaret	
Mann	7 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss M. Martin		Miss Margaret	
Miss Madge Swan-		Miss Margaret	
wick	10 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss B. Longden	1 0 0	Miss Margaret	
Mrs. Sturgeon	1 0 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss P. Winters	5 0	Miss Margaret	
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Fooks	1 0 0	Miss Margaret	
Anon, Worthing	2 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Betty Por-		Miss Margaret	
ter	8 6	Miss Margaret	
Miss M. E. Wright	10 0	Miss Margaret	
Mrs. Robinson	3 0	Miss Margaret	
Girl Guides	10 0	Miss Margaret	
Battle of Boy		Miss Margaret	
School	2 1 0	Miss Margaret	
A. Reader of the		Miss Margaret	
"O.N."	2 6	Miss Margaret	
1st Worcester Girl		Miss Margaret	
Guides	10 0	Miss Margaret	
C. P. A. Addison	3 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Mary Alexan-		Miss Margaret	
der	2 6	Miss Margaret	
Miss Betty Bird-		Miss Margaret	
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Mrs. B. W. Cas-		Miss Margaret	
telle	5 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Cecilia John-		Miss Margaret	
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Miss M. R. Camp-		Miss Margaret	
bell	7 6	Miss Margaret	
Miss Lillian E.		Miss Margaret	
Monro	1 0 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Brenda Rip-		Miss Margaret	
lington	4 6	Miss Margaret	
Miss M. E. Clow		Miss Margaret	
Anonymous	5 0	Miss Margaret	
Master Harry		Miss Margaret	
Parkes	1 3	Miss Margaret	
Mrs. M. G. Ash-		Miss Margaret	
more	2 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss B. Bramwell		Miss Margaret	
Mrs. E. L. Buckle	2 6	Miss Margaret	
The Misses J. &		Miss Margaret	
M. Butler	2 6	Miss Margaret	
Miss M. J. Carter	1 10 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Muriel Coe	3 6	Miss Margaret	
Miss O. Cooper	2 6	Miss Margaret	
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Greenfield	10 0	Miss Margaret	
Mrs. Harrison	5 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss M. Hutchin-		Miss Margaret	
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Daffodil Co. (per		Miss Margaret	
Miss M. Johnson	5 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Rosemary		Miss Margaret	
James	2 6	Miss Margaret	
Mrs. C. McLeod	2 2 0	Miss Margaret	
Newton		Miss Margaret	
Mr. Mrs. F. E.		Miss Margaret	
Nunn	10 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Margaret		Miss Margaret	
Parker		Miss Margaret	
Miss Doris Sur-		Miss Margaret	
man	2 6	Miss Margaret	
Miss P. Treacy	2 6	Miss Margaret	
Misses P. & I.		Miss Margaret	
Yick	10 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Vivien Viner	5 0	Miss Margaret	
Miss Helen R.		Miss Margaret	
White	10 0	Miss Margaret	
22nd W. A. T. H. m-		Miss Margaret	
stown Brownies	5 0	Miss Margaret	
Master J. & C.		Miss Margaret	
Dussek	2 0	Miss Margaret	

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